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A. M. D. G.

WOODSTOCK LETTERS

A RECORD

Of Current Events and Historical Notes connected with the Colleges and Missions of the Soc. of Jesus in North and South America.

VOL. XI.

WOODSTOCK COLLEGE

1882.

FOR PRIVATE CIRCULATION.

WOODSTOCK LETTERS.

VOL. XI, No. 1.

PAPERS RELATING TO THE EARLY HISTORY OF THE MARYLAND MISSION.

V.—THE ANNUAL LETTERS—1634–1773.

1638.

"As for the Catholics, the attendance on the sacraments here is so large, that it is not greater among the faithful in Europe, in proportion to their respective numbers. The most ignorant have been catechised, and catechetical lectures have been delivered to the more advanced every Sunday; on feast days they have been very rarely left without a sermon. The sick and the dying, who were numerous this year, and dwelt far apart, have been assisted in every way, so that not a single person has died without the sacraments. We have buried very many, but have baptized a great number. And, although there are not wanting frequent occasions of dissension, yet none of any importance has arisen here in the last nine months which we have not immediately allayed. By the blessing of God we have this consolation, that no vices spring up among the new Catholics, although settlements of this kind are not usually supplied by the best class of men.

"We bought off in Virginia two Catholics who had sold

themselves into bondage, nor was the money ill-spent, for both showed themselves good Christians; one, indeed, surpasses the ordinary standard. Some others have performed the same duty of charity in buying thence Catholic servants, of whom there are a great number in that country. For every year very many sell themselves thither into bondage, and, as they live among men of the worst example and are destitute of all spiritual aid, they generally make shipwreck of their souls.

"Several of the chief men have, through the use of the Spiritual Exercises, been formed by us to piety, a fruit by no means to be despised. In one especial case we adore the wonderful providence and mercy of God, which brought a man encompassed in the world with many difficulties, and obliged to live in Virginia, constantly deprived of all spiritual aid, to promise, not long before his death, that he would undertake these Exercises. This intention was prevented by a severe sickness, which he bore with the greatest patience, fixing his mind firmly on God; and at length, having duly received all the sacraments, in a state of most unusual peace he gave back his soul to God, which had been so full of troubles and disquietudes.

"A noble matron has lately died, who, after accompanying the first settlers into the colony, bore all her difficulties and inconveniences with more than a woman's courage. She was much given to prayer, and most anxious for the salvation of her neighbors, setting them a perfect example, both in her own person and in her domestic concerns. She was fond of our Society when living, and a benefactor to it when dying, and was held in blessed memory by all for the edification which she gave in her charity to the sick, as well as in other virtues.

1639.

"There are in this mission four priests and one coadjutor. All are working in places far distant, with the hope, no doubt, of thus obtaining earlier acquaintance with

the native language and propagating more widely the holy faith of the Gospel. Father John Brock, the Superior, with a coadjutor brother, remains in tbe plantation. Metapawnien, which was given us by Maquacomen, the King of Patuxent, is a kind of storehouse for this mission, whence most of our bodily supplies are obtained. Father Philip Fisher lives in the principal town of the colony, to which the name of St. Mary's has been given. Father John Gravener lives in Kent Island, sixty miles distant. Father Andrew White is at the still further distance of one hundred and twenty miles, at Kittamaquindi, the metropolis of Pascatoe, having lived since the month of June, 1639, in the palace with the King himself, whom they call Tayac.

"The cause of the Father's going thither was as follows. He had bestowed much time and labour in the work of the conversion of the King of Patuxent, an event anticipated by us all, both from our recollection of kindnesses received —for he had given to the Society a farm, as has been said —and because he was considered very powerful among the barbarians, on account of his reputation for wisdom and influence. Some of his people had become Catholics, and he himself appeared abundantly instructed in the first principles of the faith, when lo!—in the inscrutable judgments of God—the unhappy man at first procrastinated, then by degrees grew indifferent, and at length openly broke off altogether from the work he had commenced. Nor this only; but he also gave indications of an hostility against the whole colony not to be misunderstood. Whereupon the Governor, after prudent enquiries, determined, by the advice of his council, that the Father should be recalled from his position with the King, lest the barbarian might give sudden proof of his perfidy and cruelty against him; and also, lest this hostage, as it were, being left in the King's power, the Governor himself might find it difficult to revenge injuries, should the Patuxent at any time declare himself an open enemy.

"When rulers and kings are here spoken of, let no one form any grand idea of them, as if they were like princes

in Europe. For these Indian kings, though they have the most absolute power of life and death over their people, and in certain prerogatives of honour and wealth rank a little higher than others, yet in personal appearance they are scarcely anything removed from the multitude. The only peculiarity by which you can distinguish a chief from the common people consists in some badge, a collar made of a rude jewel, or a belt, or a cloak oftentimes ornamented with shells in circular rows. The kingdoms of these are generally circumscribed by the narrow confines of a single village and the adjacent country, though Tayac has a much more extensive dominion, stretching about one hundred and thirty miles; and to this empire other inferior chieftains are subject.

"The conversion of Maquacomen being despaired of, Father Andrew betook himself to the Tayac of Piscataway, who treated him very kindly at the first interview, and became so attached to him that he afterwards always held him in the greatest love and veneration, and was unwilling that the Father should use any other hospitality than that of his palace. Nor was the Queen inferior to her husband in benevolence to their guest, for with her own hands she was accustomed to prepare meat for him and bake bread, and waited upon him with equal care and attention.

"The cause of this remarkable affection for the Father on the part of the Tayac is to be referred to two dreams, which, perhaps, you may think deserve a higher name. One of these dreams he heard from Uwanno, his brother, who had reigned before him, and whom he had slain. In his sleep Uwanno appeared to see Father White and Father Gravener before him, and to hear a voice thus admonishing him: 'These are the men who from their soul love you and your tribe, and have brought with them those blessings by which you can be happy if you desire it.' Hence so lively an impression of these strangers remained in the mind of Tayac, that even at the first sight he recognized them when coming to him, and afterwards embraced them with remarkable affection. He was accustomed also to call

Father White his parent, to whose instruction he wished to give up, for seven years, his sons, who were very dear to him, the whole tribe being very fond of children, and seldom letting them go from their sight. The other dream, which the Tayac is accustomed to relate in conversation, occurred to himself: his father, deceased some time before, appeared to be present before his eyes, accompanied by a god of a black color whom he worshipped, beseeching him that he would not desert him. At a short distance he saw a most hideous demon, accompanied by a certain man, Snow, a Protestant minister from England, who had gained access to the Tayac, but had been ill-received by him. In another part the Governor of the colony and Father White appeared, accompanied also by a god much more beautiful than the other, and surpassing the snow in whiteness, which seemed gently to beckon the King to him. From that time he treated both the Governor and the Father with the greatest affection.

"Soon after the arrival of Father White the Tayac was in danger of death from a serious disease, and, when forty conjurors had in vain tried every remedy, the Father, by permission of the sick man, administered as medicine a certain powder of known efficacy mixed with holy water, taking care to have him bled the day before by a youth whom the Father always had with him. After this the sick man began daily to grow better, and soon after altogether recovered. Upon this he resolved to be initiated as soon as possible into the Christian faith, and both his wife and his two daughters along with him, for as yet he has no male offspring. Father White is now diligently engaged in their instruction; and they are not slow in receiving the Catholic doctrine, for, through the light of Heaven vouchsafed to them, they have long since found out the errors of their former life. The King has exchanged the skins with which he was before clothed, for a garment after the European fashion, and he makes some little endeavor to learn our language.

"Having put away his concubines, he lives content with

one wife, that, as he says, he may the more freely have leisure to pray to God. He abstains from meat on the days on which it is forbidden by the Catholic rule, and thinks that the heretics, who do otherwise, ought to be called bad Christians. He is greatly delighted with spiritual conversation, and seems to esteem earthly wealth as nothing in comparison with heavenly; as he told the Governor, to whom he was on a visit with Father White while he was under instruction, and who was explaining to him what great advantages could be enjoyed from the English by a mutual exchange of wares. 'Verily,' he said, 'I consider all these things trifling when compared with this one advantage—that through these missionaries I have arrived at the knowledge of the only true God, than which there is nothing greater to me, nothing which ought to be greater.' Not long since, when he held a convention of other rulers, in a crowded assembly of the chiefs and a circle of the common people, Father White and some of the English being present, he publicly declared it to be his advice, together with that of his wife and children, that, abjuring the superstition of the country, they should all embrace the profession and practice of Christianity, for that the only true Deity is He Whom the Christians worshipped, nor can the immortal soul of man be otherwise saved from eternal death; stones and herbs, to which through blindness of mind, he and they had hitherto given divine honors, being the humblest things created by the Almighty God, for the use and relief of human life. Having said this, he cast from him a stone which he held in his hand, and spurned it with his foot. A murmur of applause from the people sufficiently indicated that they did not hear these things with unfavorable ears. Thus there is the strongest hope that, when the family of the King is purified by Baptism, the conversion of the whole country will speedily follow. In the meantime, we heartily thank God for the present happy prospect, and are especially encouraged when we daily behold those idols to be the contempt of the natives, which were lately reckoned in the number of their deities.

"Another event, worthy of mention, has greatly increased the anxiety of the King for Baptism. A certain Indian, who had slain an Englishman because of some injury done him, was found guilty of the homicide and was sentenced to death, remarkably enough, at the very time when Tayac, with his companion, Father White, was on his way to the colony. We explained to the miserable man, who was condemned to die, that by receiving the Christian sacraments he would provide for the salvation of his immortal soul. As he appeared by no means of an obdurate disposition, we endeavored, as far as possible by the words we could use, to reach his heart, which was evidently in some measure inclined to listen. The pious King perceived that we labored under some difficulty from our insufficient knowledge of the Indian language, and so of his own accord he came to assist us in finishing the work. He not only filled the office of a faithful interpreter, repeating to the man whatever he was told by Father White, but also added of himself some truths so apposite and efficacious that they won the admiration of all present, and at length gained over the Indian himself to the Catholic faith, who, imbued with the necessary knowledge and washed in the sacred font for which he asked, prepared himself for death, complying in every way with what was prescribed to him; and indeed he appeared to be possessed with so vehement a desire of seeing God as to seem to wish the execution to be hastened. A remarkable eagerness appeared in his countenance, he fortified himself by frequently using the salutary sign of the Cross, and whatever he did or said did not seem feigned for show only, but to come from the inmost recesses of his soul. When he reached the place of execution, he inquired with cheerful countenance whether it would be proper that he should sing before he was executed, according to the custom of his country, and when told that by piously repeating the holy names of Jesus and Mary he would propitiate them in his last conflict, he cheerfully obeyed those who advised him, and died with those blessed names upon his lips. After death, he was buried in our

cemetery with the most solemn rites, in order to make the barbarians understand that, while execrating the crimes of malefactors and avenging them by merited punishment, Christians nevertheless hold their souls dear, and are easily reconciled to them if they repent. And this example of clemency and charity to the deceased struck them so much the more forcibly, because of its wide difference from their own customs—for they are wont to serve up their slaughtered enemies in the most cruel manner to be feasted on by their friends.

"No one, however, was more vehemently moved at the sight of the dying neophyte than Tayac, who afterwards earnestly insisted that he should receive the gift of Baptism. The matter being discussed in council, it was decided that it would be for the greater glory of God if this Baptism were deferred until it could be performed with splendid rites and the greatest solemnity, and in the sight of his own countrymen, when his wife also and his children might be brought to a participation of his joy and gladness. The King at length, yielding to the kindness of the Catholics, and greatly delighted with their prolonged hospitality, took leave of the Governor and returned home, Father White being again his attendant; as soon as he had arrived he gave command to his people to prepare a Church by next Pentecost, the time appointed for the Baptism. On that day, at Kittamaquindi, the Governor and other distinguished men of the colony, having been specially invited by the Tayac, contemplate honoring by their presence, and by whatever other means they can, the Christian sacraments and the second better birth of Tayac. May a merciful God cause this event to turn out to the good of all—to His glory, to our reward, and to the salvation of the whole tribe.

"If we look round the whole world, we may, perhaps, nowhere find men more abject in appearance than these Indians, yet they have souls, for which a ransom has been paid by Christ, and which are no less precious than those of the most cultivated Europeans. They are inclined to

some vices, though not so many, considering the darkness of their ignorance, their barbarism, and their unrestrained and wandering mode of life; nevertheless, in their disposition they are docile, nor will you perceive in them a very exaggerated indulgence of their passions. They are most patient of troubles, and easily endure contumely and injury, if these do not involve danger of life. They have sometimes a few, sometimes many idols, to whose worship they are greatly addicted; but there are no priests to whom the administration of sacrifices appertains by appointment. There are not wanting among them those who interpret superstitions and sell them to the people; but these are, generally speaking, not at all numerous. They acknowledge one Superior Being, notwithstanding they are ignorant in what way He is to be worshipped and honored, hence they lend a willing ear to all who undertake to teach them this knowledge. They rarely think of the immortality of the soul or the things that are to be after death. If at any time they find a teacher clearly explaining these things, they show themselves very attentive as well as docile, and are soon seriously drawn to think of their souls, and to believe those things which are represented as conducing to their salvation. They are readily swayed by reason, nor do they obstinately withhold their assent from the truth when it is placed distinctly before them. This natural disposition of the tribe, aided by the seasonable assistance of divine grace, gives us hope of the most desirable harvest hereafter, and animates us to continue our labors in this vineyard with the greatest diligence.

"To the hope of the Indian harvest are to be added also no mean fruits reaped from the colony and its inhabitants, to whom, on the principal festival days of the year, sermons are preached, and catechetical instructions are given on Sundays. Our labors are rewarded, for not only Catholics come in crowds, but also very many heretics, and this year, twelve in all, renouncing their former errors, have been reconciled to God and the Church. Our Fathers are daily occupied in their divine work, and dispense the sac-

raments to those who come, as often as circumstances demand. In fine, to those in health, to the sick, to the afflicted, and the dying, we strive to be in readiness to afford counsel, relief, and assistance of every kind.

1640.

"In the mission this year were four priests and one coadjutor. We stated in our last letters what hope we had conceived of converting the Tayac, or the King of Pascatoe. In the meantime, such is the goodness of God, the result has not disappointed our expectation, for he has become a Catholic, some others also being brought over with him; and on July 5, 1640, when he was sufficiently instructed in the mysteries of the faith, he was solemnly baptized in a little chapel, which, after the manner of the Indians, he had erected out of bark for that purpose and for divine worship. At the same time the Queen, who had an infant at the breast, and others of the principal men whom he especially admitted to his councils, together with his little son, were regenerated in the baptismal font. To the King, who was called Chitomacheu before, was given the name of Charles; to his wife, that of Mary. The others, in receiving the Christian faith, had Christian names allotted to them. The Governor, together with his Secretary and many others, was present at the ceremony, nor was anything omitted which could help the display and which our means could supply.

"In the afternoon the King and Queen were united in matrimony after the Christian rite; then the great cross was erected, in carrying which to its destined place the King, the Governor, Secretary and others lent their shoulders and hands; two of us in the meantime—Father White and Gravener—chanted before them the Litany of Loreto in honor of the Blessed Virgin. And not long after, the same two Fathers, White and Gravener, had to bear by no means light crosses of their own; for Father White, in performing the ceremonies of Baptism, which were somewhat

long, had contracted a fever from which he only partially recovered, then suffered a relapse, and was ill during the whole winter. Father Gravener so completely lost the use of his feet as to be unable to stand; after a little he too got better, though an abscess was afterwards formed, which carried him off in the space of a few days, upon November 5, 1640.

"A famine about this time prevailed among the Indians, owing to the great drouth of the past summer; and, that we might not appear to neglect the bodies of those for the care of whose souls we had made so long a voyage, though corn was sold at a great price, we considered it necessary to relieve them to the utmost of our power. Amidst these cares, and busied also in settling the affairs of the mission, we passed the greater part of the winter.

"On February 15 we came to Pascatoe, joyfully greeted by the inhabitants, who indeed seemed well inclined to receive the Christian faith. So that not long after the King brought his daughter, seven years old, whom he loves with great affection, to be educated among the English at St. Mary's, and to be washed in the sacred font of Baptism; she is beginning to understand the Christian mysteries. One of his counsellors also, of whom we have spoken before, desiring that the mercies of God which he had experienced in his own case should be brought to his people, earnestly prays that his wife and children may be led to seek the waters of salvation, which most pious desire, after suitable instruction, will, we hope, by the favor of God, be gratified.

"Another King, chief of the Anacostans, whose territory is not far distant, is anxious to come and live as one of us; and from this it is evident that a rich harvest awaits us, on which we may advantageously bestow our labor, though it is to be feared that there will not be laborers sufficient for gathering in the abundant fruits. There are other villages lying near, which, I doubt not, would run promptly and joyfully to the light of Gospel truth, if there was any one to impart to them the word of eternal life. It is not, however,

right for us here to be too anxious about others, lest we may seem to abandon prematurely our present tender flock; nor need those who are sent out to assist us fear lest the means of life be wanting, for He Who clothes the lilies and feeds the fowls of the air, will not leave those who are laboring to extend His kingdom destitute of necessary sustenance.

"To Father Philip Fisher, now residing at St. Mary's, the capital of the colony, nothing would have been more agreeable than to labor in the Indian harvest, if he had been permitted by his Superiors, who could not, however, dispense with his services. Yet his good will is not left without its reward, for while those among the Indians, of whom we have spoken, are being cleansed in the waters of Baptism, as many are, at the same time, brought back from heretical depravity into the bosom of the Church by his active industry. The Catholics who live in the colony are not inferior in piety to those who live in other countries; but in urbanity of manners, according to the judgment of those who have visited the other colonies, they are considered far superior to them. Everywhere the hope of an abundant harvest has dawned, and while each one of us is anxious to help even unto death as many as we can, various events are happening that deserve record. Two of the most prominent are narrated here, one manifesting the divine mercy, and the other the divine justice.

"On the day on which a certain man was about to abjure heresy and expiate the sins of his past life by confession, his house caught fire, and the flames rapidly burst out at the top. He was at a little distance when this occurred, and lost no time in calling his neighbors, of whom two only would come to his help; and although all this time the fire was burning in a house that was built only of dry logs, yet it was put out before any great injury had been done. Some feared lest this unexpected calamity might deter him from conversion. It happened, however, quite the contrary, for the wonderful preservation of his house from much injury led him to the conclusion that God was propitious to

him, and approved his design by a manifest token. Wherefore, uniting complete reformation of morals with profession of the true faith, he now sheds abroad the sweet savor of a good example upon all who are acquainted with him.

"Another man felt some internal drawings of the grace of God, and desired to have a rosary or prayer-beads for himself, but afterwards, changing his mind, he had the beads ground to powder, which he mixed with tobacco in his pipe when he smoked, and often boasted that he had swallowed his 'Ave Marias,' for so he called the rosary beads. The divine vengeance, however, did not let this irreverence go long unpunished, for scarcely a year had passed, and it was drawing near the vigil of the day on which he had abandoned his purpose of embracing the Catholic faith, when a spirit of more sacrilegious ribaldry than usual possessed him, as was noticed by his companions. On his going to the river in the afternoon, according to custom, for the purpose of bathing, he had scarcely touched the water when a huge fish suddenly seized the wretched man, and before he could reach the bank it tore away at one bite a large portion of flesh from his thigh, inflicting a terrible but well-merited laceration from which recovery was impossible. The divine justice thus ordained that he, who a little while before had boasted of eating up his 'Ave Maria beads,' saw his own flesh devoured while he was still alive.

1641.[1]

Now, in the last year I wrote to you that Almighty God had been pleased to open the way of conversion to many, as I hope, to thousands of souls, viz: by calling to His orthodox faith the Emperor or great King of Pascatoway, so

[1] The Letters for 1639 and 1640. were written by Father John Brock, Superior of the Mission, whose real name was Morgan. He was a native of Bucks, born 1599, and entered the Society in 1622, and was accidentally killed whilst laboring to establish a new settlement, June 5, 1641, aet. 42. No account seems to have been sent for the Annual Letters this year; the want, however, is supplied by a letter (Stonyhurst MSS. *Anglia*, vol. 4, No. 109.) of Father Brock to his Superior in England, dated 3d May, 1641, a few weeks before his death.

I call him because he has many tributary kings under him, who was washed at the sacred baptismal font, July 5, 1640, his former name of Chilomacon being changed into Charles, whilst at the same time his Queen, whose name was changed into Mary, was baptized with him; at the same time also his infant at the breast, to whom was given the name of Anne. The President of his Council also came, called before Baptism *Mesorcoques*, but now John; also his little infant at the breast, to whom was given the name of Robert. The ceremonies were performed by Father White, in the presence of the Secretary of the Governor, Father Altam, and many others of the English colonists, in a chapel built of the bark of trees, after the Indian fashion, for this sole end, the service of God in the Catholic faith. Nor is there any doubt but that very many following in the footsteps of their chief would as quickly as possible have been washed at the same font of Baptism, had not Fathers White and Altam, who were engaged in that mission, been seized with sickness, and to regain their health had to retire to the town of St. Mary's, in the English colony, where Father Altam died on the 5th of November following, and Father White, having had a relapse, was many days after his sickness unable to return to his Mission on account of his weakness. But in February last, having partially recovered his strength, he returned and joined me at Pascatoway, in order to restore, and as far as may be, solidly establish that mission, and to propagate the Christian faith, the seeds of which it had pleased God so happily to sow. However, shortly after our arrival Father White again fell sick, and has not as yet recovered his strength; and, indeed, I fear that from his age and increasing infirmities, nature will shortly succumb to such great labors. I will use my utmost endeavors to preserve his life, that this great work of God, the conversion of so many infidels, may prosperously and happily progress, as well because he possesses the greatest influence over their minds, as that he, best of any of the rest, understands and speaks their language. Many of the inhabitants are instructed for Baptism, and many of the higher ranks show themselves inclined towards the Christian faith, amongst whom the chief is the King of the Anacostians, uncle of King Patorieck. A few months ago King Pascatoway sent his daughter, who is to succeed him in his dominions, to the town of St. Mary, that she may be there educated amongst the English, and instructed for Baptism. Indeed, I hope, by the favor of God, unless our helpers fail, that in a short time there will be a great acces-

sion to the Christian faith in these barbarous nations. And this, although, on account of the dearness of corn and the increased expenses and deficiency of means of living, we are pressed by great difficulties; nor are there here in this colony any who are either able or willing to furnish us with alms, and Divine Providence shows that neither by our own exertions, nor of those for whose salvation we labour, be they Christians or Pagans, can we hope for support. However, we have no fear but that He will provide us with necessaries, Who feeds the birds of the air that neither sow nor reap, and Who supplied the Apostles, whom He sent forth without staff or scrip to preach the Gospel, with everything needful; for the same reason He also of His Divine Providence will see fit to supply His unworthy servants with means of sustentation. The very thought in the Prefect of recalling us, or of not sending others to help us in this glorious work of the conversion of souls, in a certain manner takes away faith in the Providence of God and His care of His servants, as though He would now less provide for the nourishment of His laborers than formerly. On which account our courage is not diminished, but rather increased and strengthened; since now God will take us into His protection, and will certainly provide for us Himself, especially since it has pleased the divine goodness already to receive some fruit, however small, of our labours. In whatever manner it may seem good to His Divine Majesty to dispose of us, may His holy will be done! But, as much as in me lies, I would rather, labouring in the conversion of the Indians, expire on the bare ground, deprived of all human succour and perishing with hunger, than once think of abandoning this holy work of God from the fear of want. May God grant me grace to render Him some service, and all the rest I leave to His Divine Providence. King Pascatoway lately died most piously. But God will for his sake, as we hope, quickly raise up seed for us in his neighbouring King Anacostin, who has invited us to come to him, and has decided himself to become a Christian. Many likewise in other localities desire the same. Hopes of a rich harvest shine forth, unless frustrated by the want of labourers who can speak the language and are in sound health.

FATHER THOMAS COPLEY.

Father John Altham (Gravener) had labored in Maryland continuously since the first planting of the Colony, and his death, mentioned in the last Letter, suggests this as an appropriate place to interrupt the course of the narration contained in the *Annual Letters*, in order to bring together some notes that may help to determine more clearly the *Status* of the Mission during the first years of its existence, and to identify a Father, whose name, though not appearing in the text, is frequently met with in the colonial records of this period.

An old Record Book, long preserved at St. Thomas' Manor, and now in the Provincial Archives, the greater portion of which was written by FF. Peter Atwood and George Thorold, contains "*A List of Missionaries who have lived in Maryland since ye 1st Settlement*," [1] beginning as follows:

"Father White came in twice. Had a chappel at White's Neck, without a house.

1632. Tho: Copley, Messrs. Starkey and Perret lived at St. Inigos."

A Latin manuscript, evidently a partial transcript of the preceding List, says:—

White, Andreas: Primus Marylandiæ Missionarius. Advenit huc circa 1630, ante Dñm Baltimore. Sacellum extruxit in White Neck, at non habebat domum.

Harkey
Copley, Thos } vixerunt in prædio Sti. Ignatii.
Perret

Archbishop Carroll repeats the same statement:—

"Father White, finding too much employment for one priest only, returned to Europe to get assistance; and I find in my very imperfect memoirs, that in the year 1632, FF. Copley, Harkey and Perret came into this country, probably with Fr. White." [2]

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[1] This list was probably begun about the time that one of the above mentioned Fathers was Superior of the Mission, during the first quarter of the last century. It is marked: *To be continued.* The continuation brings the record down to the death of Archbishop Carroll, Dec. 3, 1815; the entries seem to have been made by successive Superiors, as the marked handwriting of Father George Hunter appears upon the record during his long term of office (1747–1771).

[2] Narrative of the Establishment of the Catholic Religion in Maryland and Pennsylvania—WOODSTOCK LETTERS, September, 1880, p. 158.

The 'imperfect memoirs' on which the Archbishop relied are doubtless the records mentioned above, for other sources of information were not easily accessible during an age singularly *incuriosa suorum*. Subsequent researches enable us to correct some of these statements. As the Settlers did not sail from England until November, 1633, and the first landing in Maryland was effected, March 25th, 1634, we may conclude that the dates (1630–1632) assigned in the extracts already quoted are erroneous. Nevertheless, the explicit mention of an antecedent visit and residence of Fr. White has given rise to a curious speculation, which is barely hinted at by the annotator of the *Declaratio*,[1] but more clearly proposed in a private letter by J. Gilmary Shea, LL. D., the historian.

"The first Lord Baltimore was not here as Proprietor, having died whilst soliciting the charter. His first petition to Charles I. for land near Virginia was written in Newfoundland, Aug. 19, 1629, and the King answered, Nov. 22d. He wrote again, and, full of his Virginia project, sailed down there in 1630. But Lady Baltimore made an excursion to the Chesapeake the year before (1629), and influenced Lord B. greatly in favor of it. Lord Baltimore had at Ferryland two Seminary Priests, Longvyll and Anthony Smith, the former of whom was replaced by Hacket, also called a Seminary Priest. Did Father White accompany lady B. on her visit in 1629 before Lord Baltimore? Was he one of these supposed Seminary Priests?"

It may have been; and it may have been also on account of this visit that Fr. White was designated by Fr. General Mutius Vitelleschi, on the petition of Lord Baltimore, to accompany the colonists who sailed with Leonard Calvert. The movements of priests were necessarily very secret in those days of persecution, and we have no positive information as to the whereabouts of Father White during the years which immediately preceded his appearance among those who came in the Ark and the Dove. A note, however, in the *Catholic Almanac* for 1841 (p. 66), is *almost* conclusive against the supposition that we are considering.

"That the dates in this Catalogue are erroneous is con-

[1] "Utrum Georgius primo illo itinere, sacerdotes sibi Catholicos adjunxerit, non extat memoria; attamen id procul dubio non omiserit." Fund Publication—No. 7, Md. Hist. Soc., p. 110.

clusively established by the following passage in the first letter of Father White, written from St. Mary's within a month after the arrival of the colonists :—

'On the day of the Annunciation of the B. V. Mary, 1634, we offered first the sacrifice of Mass, *never before done in this region of the world*,' *etc.*

"Had missionaries arrived in 1632, it is not to be imagined for a moment that the Holy Sacrifice would have been omitted until 1634."

We may add, *a fortiori*, had Father White arrived in 1630, especially had he "had a chappell" (sacellum extruxit) at that date, he could not have called the Indian wigwam of St. Mary's, "the first chapel of Maryland."[1]

Dismissing this question, let us come to the year 1634. How many, and who were the Fathers that accompanied the first settlers ?

"At first, two Fathers were sent out, as it were, to explore, and ascertain if there might be any hope of the gain of souls, when the country should appear white to the harvest. . . . . After this the Fathers indeed increased in number, &c."[2]

We have, then, the authentic declaration that *two* Fathers were sent to found the Mission Who were they ? Evidently, Fathers Andrew White and John Altham ; for the latter is mentioned by name in the *Narratio Itineris*, which is attributed by common consent to the pen of Fr. White. When Governor Calvert sailed up the Potomac in quest of a site for the colony, it is stated that the young Indian King "willingly listened to Father Altham, who had been selected to accompany the Governor, for I was still kept with the ship's cargo."[3] "The Jesuit Fathers, who came in 1634, were the Rev. Messrs. White and Altham," says Davis,[4] and on this point all the historians of Maryland agree.

But were there, besides these two Fathers, other priests of the Society among the original settlers ? Archbishop Carroll, the old Record, and many writers on the subject, make mention of FF. Copley, Harkey and Perret as companions of Father White in the beginning. It is remarka-

[1] Relatio, WOODSTOCK LETTERS, vol. 2, No. 1, p. 9.
[2] Letter of Provincial, S. J., to His Eminence, Cardinal ———, Rome (no date, but probably between 1637 and 1642). Stonyhurst MSS., vol. iv. '*Anglia*,' No. 108. [3] Relatio, p. 33. [4] Day-Star, p. 160.

ble that these names are not found in the records of the Society in England, nor in Fr. McSherry's extracts from the catalogues kept at Rome in the Gesù; nor does Doctor Oliver make any mention of them. The names, *Harkey* and *Perret*, cannot be traced, and nothing can be learned concerning them from any available sources of information; we can only conjecture that they may be meant for Father Lawrence Starkie (sometimes also written Starkey, Sankey, Sanchez,) and Fr. Ferd. Poulton (also called Perez), who came to the Mission, the former in 1649, the latter in 1637.

There can be no doubt, however, that a Father of the Society, known under the name of *Copley*, was for a long time (1637–1650) one of the most prominent of the early missionaries.

Father Thomas Copley arrived in the Province on the 8th of August, 1637, a year distinguished for the large number of Catholic immigrants.[1] St. Inigoes was his residence,[2] and the title of the lands there and at St. Thomas' is derived from him.

"Thomas Copley, called in the Records, Thomas Copley, Esq., for servants imported, had right unto, and did demand 24,500 acres of land in the year 1633, of which St. Inigo's was part (See Records, L. A. B. and H., fol. 27, and Lib. F. fol. 134). In 1637, he assigns St. Inigo's Mannour to Ferdinand Poulton (being dubious whether it were secure to hold it in his own Name), in whose name warrant issues and certificate returns, but no Patent, as the Record observes (Lib. F., fol. 61, 62, 63). Soon after Ferdinando Pulton[3] dies (or was shot by accident), and Mr. Copley, in whom the equitable right was, the said Pulton being only his Trustee, petitions for and obtains a 2nd warrant for St. Inigo's and St. George's; and in 1641 assigns the same to Mr. Cuthbert Fenwick, for whom certificate is returned, and Patent issues, July 27, 1641. Cuthbert Fenwick conveys the same to Mr. Henry Warren in 1663. (Lib. EE. fol. 252–253.)"

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[1] Streeter, *Papers*, p. 98. Kilty, *Landholders' Assistant*, p. 68.

[2] Davis, *Day-Star*, p. 158. See Lib. No. I. pp. 212–213, and p. 500.

[3] Father Atwood, in a note appended to this paper says:—"It is probable Ferdinando Pulton was an alien; but it matters not, Mr. Copley having had his former rights renewed."

Another paper on this subject (writer unknown) has the following:—"The first tract taken up by the Society was St. Inigoes and St. George's and 400 acres of town land. All which tract was first granted to Ferdinand Pulton for 19 servants assigned to Pulton by Mr. Copley, in 1637, or thereabouts. Pulton seems to have been a Spaniard, as both his and his servants' names seem to declare. . . . . Perez seems to be the true name of Fr. Pulton; he was accidentally shot in a boat."

Father Poulton (or Pulton) was not a Spaniard. He belonged to an old English family, fifteen members of which joined the Society, and three of them died on the Maryland Mission. See *Records of the English Province*, I., 155-166, 616–619; for notices of this Father, see page 161, and *Diary of English College*, p. 264.

If he was called *Perez*, the transition to *Perret* is obvious, and the conjecture is borne out, that he whose name is coupled with that of Father Copley is this identical Fr. Ferd. Poulton, who came over the same year (1637) with Father Copley, and died shortly afterward in the manner related.

"ST. THOMAS' MANNOUR. The Record sufficiently declares Fr. Thomas Copley to be the first taker up, or purchaser of my Lord. He brought 39 servants.

His assignment to Mr. Thomas Mathews, abstracted from the Record by the clerk, is as follows:—

Aug. 16, 1649. *Thos Copley, Esq., this day assigned to Mr. Thos. Mathews, 4,000 acres of land, due to him for transplanting ten able men-servants into this Province in the year* 1633. THOS. COPLEY." (1)

He was summoned by writ to the General Asssembly(2) held in St. Mary's, and begun on the 25th of January, 1637 (N. S. 1638), and his name is found in the account of that Assembly's proceedings, contained in a book, which is 'the oldest remaining record of the first days of the Colony.'(3)

After, were summoned to appear by vertue of writte to them directed(4)

Mr Thomas Copley Esq.(5)	of St Marie's hundred.	Robert Clerke gent. appeared for them, and excused their absence by reason of sickness.
Mr Andrew White Mr John Altham	gent: of the same hundred	

In the acts of the second day; being 26th January,(6) they were again summoned, as appears from the record.

Mr Thomas Copley Mr Andrew White Mr John Altham	and Robert Clerke made answer for them that they desired to be excused from giving voices in this Assembly; and was admitted.

His opinion is quoted in the celebrated case of Wm Lewis, July, 1638.(7) He is spoken of as having gone to Maryland by Brother Robert Gray in his application to be sent upon

(1)Old Record. *The Title of our Lands deduced from the first taker up to the present Possessor, by sale or Bequest to him descending:*—a paper drawn up Jan. 20, 1726 (N. S. 1727), by P. A. [Father Peter Atwood], S. J.

(2)This was the first legislative assembly convened under the authority of the Proprietary. "It consisted of but one board composed of all the freemen of the colony, each of whom was present, in person or by proxy, and the Governor presided in the double capacity of chief executive and speaker of the house."—Scharf, History of Maryland, vol. 1, p. 124. There were probably not more than 700 inhabitants in the Colony at the time, and the right of suffrage and representation belonged to every freeman, which term, by a vote of the Assembly of 1642, designated a citizen above the age of majority and not held to personal service.

(3)Streeter Papers, p. 15. (4)Ibid. p. 17.

(5)"Notwithstanding his title of 'Esquire,' Mr. Copley was a Jesuit priest."—Streeter, p. 98.

(6)Ibid. p. 20. "With a commendable disinclination to mix in the controversies to which legislation might give rise, they preferred a request to be excused from serving in the Assembly, which was granted."—Ibid. p. 99.

(7)"Certain Protestant servants of this gentleman complained 'of the abuses and scandalous reproaches which God and his ministers doe daily suffer by William Lewis, of St. Maries, who saith that our Ministers are the ministers of the divell; and that our books are made by the instruments of the divell, &c.' They had drawn up a petition to Sir John Harvey, Governor of Virginia, and intended at the chapel that morning to procure all the Protestants' hands to it. Meanwhile Mr. Copley had been spoken with on the subject, and he 'blamed much William Lewis, for his contumelious speeches and ill-governed zeale, and said it was fitt he should be punished.'"—Streeter, p. 214, where the case is fully detailed, as also in the Histories of Maryland by Bozman and McMahon.

the Mission, directed, in 1640, to Father Edward Knott, Provincial of England.[1]

His name occurs also in connection with some legal transactions, which, taken with the facts already cited, show that he held the position of procurator or superior.[2]

In the record of the Assembly (16th March, 1637), there is an entry which may have belonged to the house acting as a Court.

"Robt. Clerke (in behalf of Mr. Copley) entered a Caveat into the Court against the Administrator of John Bryant, for 50 barrells of Corne." Streeter, p. 49, note.

In the return made by the Administrator, Capt. Cornwaleys, on the estate of Jerome Hawley, Councillor, 20th April, 1639, are the following entries:—

	£	s	d
By paid Thomas Copley, Esq., in part of a debt recovered by Judgment	87	9	8
By bills of desperate debts delivered to the said Mr. Copley towards further satisfaction of his debt	50	7	0

Governor Thomas Green, in a trust deed to Henry Adams and James Langworth, in 1650, gives a token of regard for the Rev. Thomas Copley.—Davis, Day-Star, p. 182. Lib. No. I., pp. 188–189.

These testimonies prove beyond question that there was a Father on the Mission between 1637 and 1650, holding a prominent position, and known as *Thomas Copley*. It is most probable, also, notwithstanding the silence of the English Records, of Oliver, and of Father McSherry, that Copley was his true name; the land grants obtained and bequests made to him, under this name, would seem to prove as much. Some light is thrown upon his antecedents, and strength is added to our supposition, by an extract from the *Louvain Chronicle*, O. S. B:—

COPLEY.—"There were two sisters of this name professed at Louvain, May 8, 1612. In the foregoing year, *Thomas*, the two Copleys' eldest brother, came over to pass his course of Philosophy in this town (Louvain). . . . . Some time after their profession, himself entered into the Society of Jesus, leaving his inheritance to his second brother, William, taking our Lord for his part and portion."[3]

The date, and other circumstances, justify the assumption that this was the Father *Thomas Copley* who was afterwards

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[1] WOODSTOCK LETTERS, May, 1880, p. 80.

[2] "He seems to have been much engaged in business, and did not neglect the worldly interests of himself and companions. In presenting claims for lands, according to the conditions of plantation, proportioned to the number of persons brought over by him, he included the names of "Mr. Andrew White" and "Mr. John Altham," who were also Jesuit priests, and who had come over with the first colonists. According to the specifications of his claims, there came with White and Altham, in 1634, twenty-eight servants, for whom he was entitled to 6,000 acres of land; and with him came nineteen, for whom and himself he claimed 4,000 acres, making ten thousand in all. He was also engaged in sending out goods for trade with the Indians through the agency of Robert Clarke and others, either for the profit to be drawn from the trade, the support of the Mission, or as a means of bringing the missionaries in contact with the natives, learning their language, and facilitating their conversion."—Streeter, *Papers*, pp. 98–99.

[3] Records of the English Province, *Diary and Pilgrim-Book of the English College, Rome*, p. 471.

in Maryland. But the Catalogue bears no such name. Many of the missionaries in those days, for prudential reasons, assumed by-names, and as Father Copley certainly is a real personage, it remains for us to attempt his identification with one of the early missionaries known to the registers of the Society. The facts enumerated seem to point him out as one and the same person with Father *Philip Fisher.*

1°. All others are easily excluded. FF. White and Altham came before him, and were summoned to Assembly along with him; FF. Knowles and Poulton were on the Mission for a few months only; Fr. Brock died in 1641—the documents cited show that Fr. Copley was still living in 1642, 1649, 1650. As to Fr. T. Hayes, there is no proof that he was ever in Maryland—besides, he died in 1646. The only remaining Missionary is Fr. Philip Fisher.

2°. Positive arguments warrant the same conclusion.

The Catalogue for 1636 observes at the end:—"Two have been sent to Maryland, viz: P. *Philip Fisher* and P. John Knowles;" the Colonial records show that, in 1637, *P. Thomas Copley* arrived with P. John Knowles. The Annual Letters declare that *Fr. Fisher* resided at St. Mary's for several years; the Records of the Land Office assign the same residence to *Fr. Copley.* The letter of 1639 asserts that *Fr. Fisher* was the *only* priest at St. Mary's; in the case of William Lewis recourse was had to *Fr. Copley*, the priest in charge of the chapel there. Father *Fisher* was Superior, according to the Letters and Catalogue; the prominence of *Fr. Copley*, and his business transactions would indicate the same. Finally, *Fr. Fisher* was carried off prisoner to England, in 1645, with Father White and another, and he was the only one of the former missionaries who returned to Maryland (in 1648); Fr. *Copley* also was here before and after the troubles.

Streeter, in his biographical notices, says: "The time of *Mr. Copley's* decease I have not been able to ascertain;" the editor of the English Records, in a notice of *Father Fisher*, says that his name does not appear in the Catalogue of 1653.

It is most probable, then, that *Fr. Thomas Copley* is the same person as *Fr. Philip Fisher.*

ACROSS THE CONTINENT.

II.—THE NATIONAL PARK.

FORT ELLIS, MONTANA, Aug. —, 1878.

In my last letter I tried to give you some idea of the Yellowstone from its mouth to the point where it issues from the Mountains; if now we glance at its course still higher up, we shall find that our journey hitherto has been tame and dull in comparison with the more mountainous district on which we are entering. The Yellowstone rises in the land of wonders known as the *National Park*, which has been set aside by an Act of Congress "as a public park or pleasuring ground for the benefit and enjoyment of the people," and which "is reserved and withdrawn from settlement, occupancy, or sale, under the laws of the United States" [Revised Stat. § 2474].

We have rolled over eighty miles of passable wagon road, and reached the mouth of Gardner's River. Here vehicles must be left behind, for there is no highway into Wonderland, and the visitor who dares to trespass on Dame Nature's secret fastnesses, must bear the fatigues of rough riding, and trust his baggage to the mercy of a pack animal.

At the mouth of Gardner's River, the northern extremity of the Park, rises a wall of volcanic rock, as if to bar all entrance. Our guide leads us in safety by a winding valley between the rugged hills on to the rolling uplands, where our eyes are cheered by rich wild flowers, our path shaded by groves of stately pines, and where even our beasts of burden find delight in tall waving grasses, at which they nibble eagerly, as we pause to rest from time to time. We have passed the forbidden portal, and entered the charmed region. Out of the pine woods, the trail leads across open undulating country, until after some miles it

reaches the edge of a marked ridge, and descends a thousand feet or more into Pleasant Valley. Next day, in the early morning, we pass Tower Falls, a handsome cascade in the midst of beetling crags and lofty pines, and then begin to ascend one long hill after another, until I become aware that we are on the slope of a mountain. So gradual and gentle are the approaches of Mount Washburne from the north, that the traveler is not fully conscious of its character or elevation until the summit is fairly reached. Almost the whole ascent can readily be made on horseback. The top once gained, so grand a prospect bursts upon the gaze that we realize to what an elevation we have risen, and how favorably this isolated spur is situated to command a view of the whole surrounding country. To the east lay the Big Horn Mountains, distant, but clear and bold, their summits glistening with snow, and stretching sharp and cold up into the soft blue summer sky. To the south, in the middle distance, gleamed the Yellowstone Lake, brilliant in the sunshine, a gem in the dark setting of surrounding mountains. Further on, Mounts Sheridan and Hancock, and many other peaks towered among the clouds; whilst to the west, range after range rolled one beyond the other, until the sight grew dim and confused by heaps of mountains piled beyond, and failed to distinguish further. From the lake, the river winds towards us, a silver thread, and in the dark mass of foliage, where it is lost to view, we know that it takes its fearful leap. Somewhere in the midst of that ocean of green, by which we are surrounded, lie sulphur mountains, mud volcanoes, geysers, hot springs, cascades and wonders innumerable, completely hidden from us now by intervening ridges and dense forests, but soon to disclose themselves on a nearer approach. The prospect from Mount Washburne fills the eye with seeing, but the imagination increases the interest of the panorama a hundred-fold. Near those peaks, to the south of us, lie the head waters of the Snake River, the great southern branch of the Columbia. From mountains west and north flow the Gallatin, Madison and Jefferson, branches of the Mis-

souri, and at our feet, deep down in its grand cañon, is the Yellowstone. So the imagination spreads the continent out before us, follows the Snake River through all its windings across lava deserts, through mountain ranges, down to the Pacific Slope,—sees the great sweep of the Father of Waters, north, then east, then south, till he has traversed a continent and reached the Gulf,—pictures the Rocky Mountains before us, not one ridge or two, but a huge uplift, hundreds of miles in width and thousands in length, forming the backbone of the continent, vast stores of mineral wealth, not gold and silver merely, these are but tokens, but solid rocks of fertile substances that are gradually to be loosened by frost and avalanche, carried down, broken and ground by torrent and cataract, transported by ever-flowing streams, and deposited to supply the wants of future generations. A thousand thoughts come crowding to the mind, and reason, aiding the imagination, looks back over countless ages, then forward to the distant future, and makes us creatures of a day bow before Him to Whom past, present and future are as one, Who lives on in the never-ending present of his limitless and unchanging being. Awe and admiration fill the heart, and one's soul, conscious of that higher unseen Presence which the wonders of nature so plainly testify, shrinks abashed in nothingness before Him, is dazzled by the brightness of His beauty, overwhelmed by His power and majesty, and stunned by the fearful thought that it is so easy to offend one so grand and terrible, so beautiful and loving. Within a few feet of the summit, wild flowers were growing, every leaf and petal witnessing to the tender care of One, Who seems to delight to smile in the flower, rather than to frown in the storm. Which is most admirable, the delicate finish of each portion of a grand painting, or the striking effect produced by the whole? While I am reveling in the enjoyment of the panorama before me, and of the emotion it awakens, the millions in the crowded cities of the East are trembling lest the railroad strikers and socialists should lay waste their firesides, while not far to the West a column of troops is hotly pursuing a band of hostile

Nez Percés, whom they will soon encounter in brave but disastrous fight. One of our party has found under a loose stone a small tin box containing the names of many visitors who have climbed the peak, among others, of General Belknap and party. At the bottom of the list containing the names of those who accompanied him are scribbled the words: "We drink to the next travelers in Chaunay." Time was, when such a scene as this would have awakened in men's minds only reverence and awe, but now "pleasure in the mountains is never mingled with fear, or tempered by a spirit of meditation, as with the mediæval; but it is always free and fearless, brightly exhilarating and wholly unreflective, so that the painter feels that his mountain foreground may be more consistently animated by a sportsman than a hermit, and our modern society in general goes to the mountains, not to fast, but to feast, and leaves their glaciers covered with chicken bones and egg shells."

Our trail skirts the heavily-wooded sides of Mount Washburne on the west, and gradually descends to the valley of Cascade Creek. Passing by the Cañon and Falls of the Yellowstone, for the present, we emerge upon open park country, through which the river winds broad and shallow, full of beautiful trout and bordered by grassy meadows. Not far ahead of us stands Sulphur Mountain, yellow and desolate, barren of vegetation, blighting the trees and shrubs about it. Near its base is a huge caldron of irregular shape, filled with boiling water, emitting a strange sulphurous smell, and surrounded by smaller vents, sending forth steam and sulphur vapor. Minute yellow crystals line the vents, but they are too delicate to bear transportation. This hill or mountain has evidently been formed by the deposit from fountains or vents such as those now in action near its base.

Some miles further on we reach Mud Volcano, situated among pine trees near the banks of the river. The principal mud volcano resembles, when tranquil, an ordinary pond filled with water of a light green color. But as it is usually in a state of agitation, the calcareous mud at its sides and

bottom being stirred up by steam jets from below, the whole bears the appearance of a huge boiling mud-puddle. The ebullition was most violent near the centre, and once the muddy water was thrown up several feet in the form of a fountain. Round about this pond, in the bare hardened mud, there are many curious funnel-shaped apertures, at the bottom of which the mud is soft and plastic, dull *thud*-like sounds issuing occasionally with sulphurous steam. Passing by many such openings, our attention was attracted by a tall column of steam rising from the side of a hill, and by a dull splashing sound that seemed to come from the same direction. Approaching the spot, we ascended a steep conical slope some thirty feet high, composed of mud and sand, and from the summit gazed down a still steeper slope into a huge caldron beneath. The sight was a horrible one. Twenty feet below great volumes of muddy water boiled, fumed and dashed about, roaring and bellowing as if demons were torturing the bodies of their victims under its turbid waves. Puffs of steam obscured the view, but the clashing and crashing of the agitated waters sounded ceaselessly on the ear. This curious spring issuing from the side of a hill has built about itself a volcano-like cone, at the bottom of which, it groans, and roars, and seems to struggle, belching forth slimy showers that coat the surrounding trees with dirty grey mud. Not far off is the Devil's Den, a cave in the hill side, from which, clear as crystal, breaks a spring of boiling water, ejected from some cavern further under the hill, with regular beats like those of a force pump, accompanied by the sound of a huge bellows. Startled by our approach, a small snake darted into the water near the spring; the next moment he coiled up, quivered, and sank dead upon the pebbly bottom, boiled alive before our eyes. Where was the wisdom of the serpent? It had passed into our cook, perhaps, for he prudently availed himself of the spring to prepare a ham for us, putting it into the water that evening, and taking it out at daybreak thoroughly boiled.

Against a great tree near our camp a huntsman had left a

proof of his marksmanship. A huge swan, delicate in plumage, hung with outstretched wings nailed to the rough bark. What a mass of down on its swelling breast, what power in those long, tapering wings, what a silky gloss on the neck once proudly arched, now drooping like a bruised reed. It must have been a beautiful creature as it glided over the ripples of the river, or sailed through the clear air, and precisely because it was so goodly to the eye, it was laid low by a bullet, its whiteness sullied by its own blood, those wings stretched round the tree. God sends us a creature pure and white and spotless; man welcomes it with a bullet and three nails.

The Great Geysers, the main object of interest in the Park, lie along the Fire Hole River, a branch of the Madison. Between the waters of this stream and the Yellowstone is a steep, thickly-wooded divide, which is crossed with considerable difficulty, but the traveler soon forgets the toil of the journey when he has pitched his tent in the midst of the Great Geyser Basin. The trail from the Mud Volcano to the Geysers leads westward through meadows thickly clad in waving grasses, the gentle slope on both sides being covered with pine trees. Here and there the sombre woods are brightened by a streak of sunlight, or by a glade that stretches the light green of the valley far up among the dark shadows of the pines. Several small tributaries of the Yellowstone lay across our path, forming ugly, steep ditches, which we were obliged to jump, testing our own horsemanship and the agility of our animals, as little accustomed as their riders to such exercise. We soon passed beyond this park-like region, and began to mount the divide. Here the trail became dim and uncertain, the standing timber was dark and dense, fallen trees large and numerous, rendering our march very toilsome. It was amusing to watch the pack mules wriggling to and fro, sometimes choosing the narrowest passages, sometimes increasing their gait when they came to two trees very close together, evidently with the intention of damaging their loads, if not of entirely freeing themselves of the burden.

The brutes are sagacious enough to measure with the eye the distance between two trees for their broad packs, so that, though often obliged to scrape and scratch through, they seldom or never have to turn back and seek another passage. Passing the summit, and descending to waters that flow into the Madison, we found ourselves involved in a morass that compelled us to make a long detour northward. We then turned West along a branch of the East Fork, which is joined by the Fire Hole River, some distance on. Our route then lay along the valley of the Fire Hole River, until we reached the Geysers.

The Fire Hole River flows through a region in which for many miles on both sides of the stream hot springs, geysers, and boiling lakes occur, the principal ones lying in a tract known as the Fire Hole Basin. The upper or southern portion of this basin contains the Great Geysers; the lower part, distant seven or eight miles, is filled with less active jets, while, in the long interval between, varied wonders attract the traveler at almost every turn.

Our camp is at the head of the Great Geyser Basin. A tent fly is stretched between two trees, so as to afford shade, but not to prevent the breeze from entering on every side. In front of us lie saddles, bridles and guns; a few yards further on, the camp-fire is crackling and blazing; the coffee-pot is doing its best already to vie with the hot springs about us, and our cook is busy with frying-pan and Dutch-oven. We are on a little knoll covered with verdure, but standing in the midst of what seems like a snow-clad valley. The green boughs of the trees that shelter us, and the dark fringe of fir and cedar round the valley, are in marked contrast with the dazzling white of its surface. Curious cone-shaped structures rise here and there, from which jets of steam are issuing. Occasionally one of them splutters and spurts, casting out a few gallons of water, and seeming by its convulsive effort to be in pain, anxious, perhaps, to be rid of a weightier burden. The basin is not more than a few hundred yards in width, and three-quarters of a mile in length, so that we can without difficulty com-

mand a view of the whole. The Geysers are situated on both sides of the stream; all are surrounded by a hard white silicious deposit, though not all have formed cones above the surface immediately around their orifices. As we are gazing about a cry is raised, and the cook drops his frying-pan and runs towards us with the intelligence that "Old Faithful is going to spout." *Old Faithful* is the name given to one of the Geysers most regular in its discharges, and we have chosen this particular spot for camp in order to be near Old Faithful. All eyes are at once turned in the direction of its cone, distant about three hundred yards. A puff of steam is rolling away from the orifice; a second puff curls upward, and then a jet of water is dashed a few feet into the air, falling back at once into the opening with a loud splash. A few moments of suspense follow, when suddenly a stately column of dark blue water rises before us, towering up towards the clouds. Higher and higher it mounts, until it has reached its limit. Straight it stands as an arrow, massive as marble, graceful as the slender jet from a fountain. The top spreads delicately outward, and then curving down, casts showers of glistening spray in all directions, whilst from the summit clouds of steam roll lightly up into the sky. For some minutes it stands steady and unbroken; a noise like the rolling of thunder, mingled with the roar of a cataract, telling what power is being exerted to sustain that vast weight of water in mid air; then, gradually, it sinks into its cavern. Every hour in the day and night, Old Faithful sings his roaring song of praise. Every hour, winter and summer, he seems to strive like the giants of old to mount the skies, and each time sends a cloud to join the rack that hangs over peaks higher than Olympus. The eruptions occur at intervals of from sixty-two to eighty minutes. The jet rises from one hundred to two hundred feet, our party estimating the height at one hundred and thirty feet, though the column of steam rose much higher. Trees are dwarfed in comparison with the stately crystal tower, men seem the merest pigmies, and a feeling of awe creeps to the very marrow of

one's bones. When the eruption is over, the monster has sunk back into the cavernous bosom of earth, and all that remains of it is seen trickling in rills down to the Fire Hole River close by, leaving a deposit of white incrustations as it cools. The dead stillness and calm of nature make us feel the absence of the geyser, and a sense of oppression and listlessness succeeds the former feeling of dread and wonder.

Crossing by a narrow rustic bridge the pretty river that winds among these springs, and is largely fed by their hot waters, we roam down the opposite bank. Here and there is a geyser, its opening surrounded by delicate incrustations, sometimes pearl white, sometimes softly tinted in yellow or brown. The tiny rills by which it sends its waters to join the river are fringed too with lace-like borders, colored in parts by the deposit from the water, in parts by a fungous growth such as I have never seen elsewhere. Fresh wonders meet us at every step. There is a rushing sound ahead, and hastening on we find the Fan Geyser in full play. Issuing from a number of small openings close together, it spreads its waters in a graceful semicircle not unlike a huge fan. For many minutes the brilliant sheet of water stood before us, and scarcely had it subsided when we had the good fortune to see the beautiful display of the Riverside Geyser. It stands close to the right bank of the Fire Hole, its cone touching the water's edge. The orifice is small, probably eighteen inches in diameter, and inclined at an angle of 65° or 70°. The column of water bending over the river falls more than midway in the running stream. As we approached, the sunlight struck the liquid arch in such a manner as to form two glorious rainbows one within the other. These nearly coincided in curvature with the fountain. For twenty minutes we stood spell-bound. Imagine the picture. Firs and cedars round the valley, in the centre a clear stream flowing between banks white but not with snow, and right in front of you a bridge, one pier of which is like a mound of ice covered with hoar-frost, its causeway of limpid crystal guarded by a double rainbow, its further pier, lost in clouds of steam ending mysteriously in the

river, floods of light streaming around and through the whole fairy fabric. Suddenly it is gone like a dream, the river flows on, the branches sigh, the twilight plays across the valley, which seems now as if wrapped in a winding sheet, cold, white, and dead. Queen Mab and her fairy train have floated down the stream, the goblin army has passed from their cavern below the valley to their barges of foam on the brook, destroying the bridge behind them, and leaving only one elf to teaze me with the thought that I never again shall see that vision of light and beauty. Recrossing the river we examine the many wonders that meet us on the other bank. The Castle Geyser stands up prominently, its huge jagged cone seeming like some old ruined tower, near it yawns the great open mouth of a pool, the azure depths and snowy sides of which carry my imagination away to fairy-land again. The Grotto Geyser not far off with narrow passages and curving fissures, all lined with the same gleaming pearly deposit, tempts me to a closer examination of its wonders, but puffs of scalding steam or spurts of hot water check this curiosity, and remind me that my elfin friends will not bear to have their abodes too narrowly inspected.

Each of the Great Geysers is surrounded by a sloping mound which its waters have built up, and immediately about the aperture which is in the centre of this mound, are series of basins, formed by the falling waters and beautifully fringed with colored incrustations. Where the Geyser has formed a cone about its orifice, the interior of the cone is sometimes as smooth as glass with the lustre of chalcedony. In other places it is partly crystalline in structure, but there are no large distinct crystals. Many of the geysers have no such cones, but are merely marked by the gentle slopes which surround them. The Giantess, for instance, presented a great circular opening like a well, full of boiling water to the very brim. Gazing into its transparent depths of light blue, there was not the slightest sign of disturbance. The white rocks that line its crater could be seen far down, sharply defined as if looked at through

the medium of air, and it was not till I had scalded my finger in the pool, that I succeeded in banishing the desire to plunge into what seemed to be a delicious bath. I can only touch upon a few of the wonders of this weird valley, but I must not leave the basin without mentioning the sense of insecurity the traveler feels in moving about. The incrusting layer is crisp and brittle; in places the foot sinks several inches, sometimes a hollow sound echoes the tread, a jet of steam spurts up from the tiny opening, a boiling caldron is sunken in your path, so that one feels prepared at any moment to have the earth give way, and to be dashed into a steaming lake below. What would have been Tom Thumb's sensations had he found himself rambling on a huge pie crust that had been rolled thin, made very short, and baked thoroughly. Not very different, I am sure, from those we felt while strolling about the Fire Hole. No wonder the Indians avoid the region in superstitious dread; its hollow caverns, sulphurous vapors, and startling discharges of boiling water, are all too suggestive of hell and its demons.

As we were breaking camp, and about to move out of the Geyser Basin, the Beehive saluted us with a handsome discharge. Its orifice is much smaller than that of Old Faithful, and the jet, slender in proportion, rises to a vast height. So superheated was the water it ejected, and so intermingled with steam, that the whole mass, spreading after it had reached a great elevation, floated away in a beautiful glowing cloud, and but little spray fell back about the Geyser. Not a word was spoken by our party, as they stood with eyes fixed upon the Geyser. Doubtless, the older members knew too well that words are poor, weak things in the presence of such a marvellous display of power, grace and beauty; one, however, less experienced than the rest, could hardly restrain such exclamations as "Grand! superb! magnificent! sublime!" but the words died upon his lips. "Mirabilis Deus in operibus suis."

Passing the great Basin, and treading our way amid boiling springs and extinct geysers, we entered the pine woods,

emerging some few miles further down, near Hot Spring Lake. This is a great pond, the water of which is boiling hot and continually overflowing. With its gently sloping shores, dark blue ripples, and pretty outlet into the river, it seems like an ordinary pond. Near by it is a second pool, not so well disguised. Its shores are precipitous, the water extends back into great caverns under the hill, and slabs of stone thrown in all directions show plainly enough that it is simply an immense geyser.

The most novel features in the lower Geyser Basin are the mud-pots or flower-pots. Fancy an enormous tank of plaster or clay in a state of finest comminution and most perfect plasticity. Color it pink or yellow, and then let bubbles of steam from below pass through the viscid mass, breaking over the surface in a thousand spots. The steam, of course, in escaping, throws the mud slightly up, then it sinks back in a circular wave, and for one moment a convolvulus, or a tulip, or rather a new species of flower, is blooming before you. These artificial plaster casts of flowers are forming every instant: the eye is distracted by the number and rapidity of the changes, so your glance wanders around and across, then back, to and fro once more, while the ceaseless blooming and decaying continues. Such a sight is very amusing and inviting to the eye, but I cannot imagine it possible that a man should build a hut on the edge of that pool, and set his heart upon those mud flowers. No more can I understand how a being with a soul can enjoy contentment, or cajole himself with the idea that he finds complete happiness in any creature of earth's mould, however highly colored or delicately shaped be the clay.

I could linger for hours about the lower Geyser Basin, but the sun is high, and many a weary mile over mountain and through forest must be passed to-day. So away we ride, with a last look back at the valley steaming and smoking behind us, a great manufactory or laboratory, rather a spot where the Author of Nature, Workman as He is, has left things as though his task were not quite completed, and

something remained to be done in fitting together the rocks of which earth's crust is composed, or in adjusting the relations between the chemical constituents of the rocks.

Back we ride across the steep divide, through the dense forest, past Mary Lake, over bog and moor, until we reach our former camping ground near the Falls of the Yellowstone. To understand the cañons and falls of the great Western rivers, it must be borne in mind that the park regions, between different ranges of the Rocky Mountains, are very elevated, so that in finding their way from these districts to their valleys in the plains outside the mountains, the rivers must make somewhere a very rapid descent. The effect of such a descent is, of course, to form a deep gorge, which is gradually extended further and further back into the mountains, as the water wears away the rocks over which it has been tumbling during the ages. The largest cataracts are not found, then, at the point where streams emerge into the prairies, but in the very midst of the mountain chain. Following the Yellowstone from its broad outlet at the lake, we find it a smooth, quiet sheet of water, flowing between open prairies. Twenty miles down, it encounters rough opposing hills, and, contracting and deepening its channel, leaps a hundred and twenty-five feet down between rocky walls, then foaming, eddying and lashing against the rocks, half a mile on it plunges three hundred and fifty feet further into its cañon below. Scrambling through brushwood and over logs and rocks, directed by the roar of the falls, I reached the upper cascade, and, lying at full length on a jutting crag, leaned out over the seething water. When fully sated with the grand sight, I scrambled through a steep ravine and up the opposite slope, little imagining that a scene awaited me more superb than the beautiful plunge at which I had just been looking. The sun was fast sinking, so I hurried to a rock some distance beyond the lower falls, and out upon the steep slope of the cañon. As if preparing for its second leap, the river comes surging and tumbling in waves and eddies towards the brink,

Advancing, and prancing, and glancing, and dancing,
Recoiling, turmoiling, and toiling, and boiling,

until, almost at the edge, it unites into one glassy mass curved upwards at the sides, and then leaps forward and downward, soon separating into spray, and ending in a light vapor that floats down the valley, clothing the rocks with a soft green moss. The sides of the cañon, precipitous slopes of a thousand feet, are gorgeous in red, yellow and brown tints that light up the scene with their varied hues. Down below, the river winds away, a mere thread, as if utterly broken and almost annihilated by the fall, so slight and slender it is between its mountainous banks. Such is the magnificence of the scene that the cataract with all its sublimity is but a small feature in the picture. A vast shrine in nature's bosom—curtains of gold and scarlet made of crumbling rock—fringed at the base with the silver of the stream, bordered at the top with the green of the forest, canopied by Heaven's blue—the waterfall, a cascade of delicate spray streaming down into the shrine like white-winged spirits descending, in vain held back by dark masses of opposing rock, the great chasm filled and glowing with sunlight, and spreading eastward toward the prairie country —a temple, in which resides the angel of the stream, to receive honor and reverence for the work done by the river, and to carry heavenward the cries of praise and wonder of poor humanity, admiring in nature's beauty the magnificence of nature's God.

The width of the cañon is little more than half a mile, its depth, as has been said, a sheer thousand feet, the descent on both sides being too precipitous to be attempted at this point. The falls are half way down the cañon and though extremely beautiful, seem dwarfed by the immense proportions of the surrounding scene.

Twilight begins to draw a veil over the picture. The slanting rays of the sun that pierced through the gloomy woods, and shooting like arrows against the opposing bank, drew out, as if by magic, the colors locked in its rocky breast, now no longer dart across the cañon; the tints min-

gle and fade, and gloomy precipices stand in place of superb curtains; the column of mist and spray at the foot of the cataract, that rivaled the Great Geysers a few moments ago in airy, cloud-like splendor, no longer is seen, but the deep sullen roar of the waters seems to grow louder and louder, and as the eye loses, the ear gains, distinguishing in the deep tones rolling up from the cañon, the echo of the voice that speaks to us in the roar of ocean and the crash of thunder.

Those who have not witnessed such scenes will find it hard to realize the complicated nature of the impressions they produce. The soul, aroused as if from a slumber, is stirred to its depths. Enchanted, yet appalled, admiring, but fearful, exhilarated, and at the same time humiliated and depressed, she longs to break forth in praise and exultation, but is restrained and hampered by a sense of the weakness, meanness, sinfulness of poor human nature. We know that God is everywhere, we fancy perhaps that we enjoy a lively sense of His Omnipresence, but let Him lift the veil that hides His power and splendor for a moment, as He did of old on Tabor, or let Him shine through the cloud with unusual brightness in some vast landscape, and we cower and crouch to something like our true proportions, as if before one whom we had never known before.

At the northern end of the Park, a few miles above the mouth of Gardner's River, are situated the Mammoth Springs, which travelers usually visit on entering Wonderland, but which we had reserved for our return trip.

The largest of these springs gushes out on the summit of a hill some two hundred feet above the valley, and overflowing along the face of the hill, its bright blue water, saturated with salts held in solution, forms in its descent tier after tier of basins, varying in size and shape, but all of singular beauty. These basins are only a few inches in depth; the material of which they are composed is soft and friable while moist, and still more so on drying. The edges are fringed with the most delicate and beautiful masses of crystal, the bright rosy tints of which contrast

strikingly with the blue liquid they encircle. But the colors fade and the forms crumble when they are removed from the water which has deposited them. The whole hill seems to have been built by the action of the springs, the portion now visible being the outside coating that covers millions of basins, which were successively formed, left dry by the waters, destroyed by the air, their material building up the hill itself, and a new overflow spreading fresh terraces above them. The process can be seen going on at this moment; many basins are empty, faded, fast effloresing and crumbling to dust, and here and there the foot sinks two or three inches in the soft plaster-like surface of the hill. On a plateau above the first huge mound I have been describing, rises another, seemingly older, and similar in structure. Beyond this second elevation extend a number of small ridges of very curious character. They lie parallel with one another, running from northeast to southwest, in height varying from thirty to fifty feet, their breadth at the base being about the same as their height. These ridges are cleft along the summit, the division being sometimes several inches wide, and marked in places by a row of hot springs, bubbling and spurting. So rapid has been the deposit from these springs, that growing trees are buried as they stand. Great caverns are formed at the sides of the ridges, and the waters, trickling into these dark recesses, line them with pretty incrustations, and petrify pine cones and branches that happen to fall in.

The baths are considered very fine. My own experience was too nearly that of being scalded to allow of my giving a fair judgment, and others of our party complained of feeling partially petrified on emerging.

An enterprising frontiersman, McCartney by name, has built a number of bath houses to facilitate the use of the water, by patients who come here to avail themselves of its salutary properties. A log house of good size serves as an inn, or "hotel," as it is called, and wonderful cures are said to have been wrought by the giant fountain. Doubtless, before long the Mammoth Springs will be a common re-

sort, perhaps a fashionable watering-place, where the old will go to hobble and croak, and the young to dance and chirp, introducing scenes from the farce of life to mar the plot of nature's stately drama.

In a brief sketch, such as this, I cannot give you a detailed account of our journey from day to day, nor of the thousand little things that go to make up the charm of camp life. For the city-bred man there is novelty, not only at every turn of the road or trail, in the varying landscape, but in rising, eating, sleeping, and all the commonplaces of life. Crawling from between your buffalo robes, you dress hastily, and run to wash in the brook that flows near by. The water is cold as ice, so it drives sleep from your tired eyes, and gazing about, you see that nature, too, has washed her face in hoar-frost, which the sun, just now lighting up the east, will soon wipe away. The camp-fire is already crackling, and the cook—how like a gnome he looks in that peaked hat and grizzled beard, stooping over the fire at his work in the gray light of dawn—is busy preparing your coffee and bacon.

Breakfast finished, the animals are led up, shivering with cold. Now the beds are rolled up neatly, and strapped in their canvas covers, the tent-fly is struck and folded, the camp equipage is stowed in bags, and the pack animals are brought forward. How meek and unoffending is the expression of that mule "Patsy," injured innocence over again, but beware her heels; she has been known to knock a man down with a soft tap of her left hind leg, and then to turn quietly, as if to ask what caused his fall? The other day, just as our guide, Anderson, was adjusting her pack-saddle, she turned and darted down a steep hill-side, dragging him and two others, who had quickly seized her picket-rope. The loose shingle of the hill-side afforded fine anchorage for Anderson's heels, as he moved, in a sitting posture, like a small avalanche or an inverted snow-plow, gathering the debris in his descent. When Patsy was finally brought to bay, nothing could exceed the tranquil, modest air with which she received her burden. The last embers

of the camp fire have been carefully extinguished, to prevent any danger of its spreading, the mules are all loaded, saddles adjusted, and we are off just as the sun peeps over the hill, driving away the cloud of mist that hung about us, and converting the hoar-frost into brilliants, which it soon gathers like a harvest. Now we are traveling indeed, even Ruskin would admit it, two or three miles an hour, and plenty of time to enjoy all the details of scenery as they are unfolded. As the track is very narrow, in places steep and difficult, you are nearly always alone, left to your own quiet enjoyment of nature, to meditate on yesterday's experience, or to picture the wonders you are still in search of. The panorama, viewed quietly and slowly from day to day, is like a revelation; the dark mountains and rugged ravines, the prairies and streams, "the trees and flowers seem all, in a sort, children of God, and we ourselves their fellows, made out of the same dust, and greater than they in having a greater portion of the divine power exerted on our frames, and all the common uses and palpably visible forms of things become subordinate in our minds to their inner glory, to the mysterious voices in which they talk to us about God, and the changeful and typical aspects by which they witness to us of holy truth, and fill us with obedient, joyful, and thankful emotion." In the evening a place for camp is to be chosen, some spot where wood and water are at hand, and where there is good grazing for the mules and horses. As the poor brutes are unloaded, they roll and tumble on the ground, rejoicing to be free from the galling weights that have pressed upon them for these long hours, then scamper away to their pasture. Wood is at once gathered for the camp-fire, boughs are cut for tent-poles; soon you are provided with food and shelter, and feel that you are at home. The sun sinks behind the mountain, twilight soon fades, the stars shine out with wonderful brilliancy in the rare atmosphere, dead stillness reigns, and with a lingering look at the shadowy scene about, your back is turned to the camp-fire till to-morrow. T. E. S.

THE MISSIONS OF THE ROCKY MOUNTAINS IN 1881.

The Missions of the Rocky Mountains are situated in the Territories of Montana, Idaho and Washington—four in Montana, and two in each of the other Territories. The white population of Montana, according to the census of 1880, is 39,911; the Indians almost equal the whites in number. They are scattered over an area of 165,000 square miles, a district as large as the whole of Italy. Our Fathers have charge of the entire Territory, except some portions that are cared for by two secular priests.

I.—MONTANA TERRITORY.

Helena.—The three Fathers of this Mission have regular charge of four counties, and occasionally visit a fifth. Helena is the territorial capital, with a white population of six thousand, of whom one-fourth or more are Catholics. The Mission was established in 1866, to provide for the gold miners, who were too remote from St. Peter's Mission. We have a church here one hundred and eight by forty-three feet, and thirty feet high, constructed of stone and brick, at a cost of $28,000. A debt of four thousand dollars still remains, which we hope to pay off in two or three years. The residence, built of wood, is comfortable and decent, and can accommodate six or seven Fathers and Brothers. The girls' school, directed by Sisters of Charity, has thirty boarders and some seventy day-scholars. The hospital, under charge of the same Sisters, has an average of from twenty to forty patients. There is pressing need of a school or academy for boys; the public schools of Helena are attended by four hundred boys, many of whom are Catholics, and exposed to lose their faith. The Fathers of Helena have another Church in Missouri Valley, forty

miles distant, where there is a scattered population of about one thousand, in large part Catholic; at Boulder, also forty miles distant, there is another church, surrounded by five hundred settlers, principally Catholic. At Bozeman, distant one hundred and twelve miles, a church is projected; the Catholics here are very few. The Crow Indians will be attended from this point; they are one hundred miles from Bozeman, and two hundred and twelve from Helena. These Crows have been for twelve years back asking for Blackgowns. Some of them were baptized by Father De Smet; since his time, little or nothing has been done for them. The tribe numbers six thousand, and we ought to have had a mission amongst them long ago. Half a dozen settlements of two, four and six hundred souls, as also many isolated Catholic families, ranging from thirty to two hundred and fifty miles away, are visited from Helena. It is evident from this statement that another priest is needed here for missionary work, besides two teachers, one of whom should be a good English scholar.

If we had subjects, it would be better to found two new missions, one for the Crows, with two Fathers and two Brothers, and another for the whites of Bozeman and vicinity, with two Fathers and one coadjutor.

The work accomplished at this Mission appears from the following summary for the year: Confessions, 4,000; Communions, 4,000; Baptisms of children, 35; adult Baptisms, 10; First Communions, 40; persons brought back who had for many years neglected the practices of religion, 140; days of missionary travel, 230; sermons, 160; catechetical instructions, 175.

Some zealous souls may think that these fruits are not very abundant; but should they consider that, unless they were procured through divine Providence, by means of the Society, they would not in all human probability be gathered at all; and that, still humanly speaking, the reason why they are not doubled is simply because we have not twice the present number of evangelical laborers; if, I say, they reflect upon this, such zealous souls, provided they have

the character of true magnanimity, will not hold back from consecrating themselves to a work, laborious and unattractive, it is true, but very pleasing to the Sacred Heart of Jesus, to Whom the salvation of even one soul is so dear.

St. Peter's.—The Mission of St. Peter's was founded in 1859–60, for the Blackfeet Indians; but the rapid influx of white settlers has obliged the Government to restrict the territory of these Indians, and the Mission is now sixty miles away from the Blackfeet Reservation. Two counties and two military posts, with two Indian Reservations, depend upon the Mission. The Blackfeet Reservation has six thousand Indians, comprising Blackfeet, Piegans, Bloods, and some other small tribes. The Assiniboine Reservation has ten thousand Indians, including, besides the tribe from which it takes its name, Gros Ventres, River Crows and Crees. Of these sixteen thousand Indians, some three thousand are Catholics; but, with few exceptions, their Catholicity goes no farther than the Baptism they have received, and the recitation of some prayers. Their wandering life and the scarcity of missionaries account for this lamentable state of affairs; polygamy is also an obstacle to conversions. There are, however, indications that many of them will settle down as permanent cultivators, and not a few are disposed to relinquish polygamy. Hence, there are hopes of instructing those among them who have been baptized, and of bringing others to the true faith; and to effect this, there is a project of erecting two chapels, one for the Blackfeet and another for the Gros Ventres and Assiniboines, on their respective Reservations, where the missionary may spend a portion of the year, and, if God blesses the work, after a few years these will be two flourishing missions. Another grave difficulty to be overcome is the opposition of the Protestant ministers, to whom these two Reservations have been entrusted by the United States Government. This circumstance, which throws serious obstacles in the missionaries' way, has excited the Catholic fervor of the Indians, and causes them to make a public

display of their predilection for us, as happened in July, 1880, when nearly all of the Blackfeet chiefs declared to the commandant of Fort Shaw that they wished to have nothing to do with Protestantism and its ministers; that they asked for no other *prayer* than the Catholic, no other minister than the Black-gown, no other school than that of the Black-gown. These Indians, who for years have been willing to become Catholics, provided polygamy was not interfered with, and that they should not be obliged to send their children to school, are now eager to have a school, since it is to be taught by a Black-gown. A school for them and for the half-breeds is now being prepared at the Mission. Many difficulties are in the way, one of which, and it is not the least, is the opposition of the United States Agent, who hinders the Indians from entrusting their children to the Catholic school, under the pretext that it is outside of the Reserve, and beyond his jurisdiction in regard to these poor people. The little school already established is going on well, and gives hopes of success in the future.

Benton, eighty miles distant, is attended from St. Peter's. It contains about two thousand inhabitants, whites and half-breeds; there are, besides, many Indians, who often remain there for weeks at a time. There are five or six other little places, from fifteen to one hundred and fifty miles distant, dependent upon the Mission. There is at Benton a nice chapel already finished, with two little rooms for the missionary, and the people are asking for a resident priest and for two schools and a hospital. The people themselves guarantee all the money that is needed for these objects. Sisters can be found; three are promised, on condition that a resident priest shall be appointed; but where is the priest to come from? and at least two Fathers are needed here. May the Lord send workmen into His harvest field! The spiritual fruits of this Mission, which could be increased ten-fold, if we only had laborers, are as follows: Confessions, 1,500; Communions, 1,200; Baptisms of infants (mainly children of infidels), 170; adult Baptisms, 30; First Communions, 35; days of missionary travel, 250; sermons, 400; catechetical instructions, 450.

The Riccarees, Mandans, Sioux of Montana, and Bannacks, who are said to be quite numerous, are utterly neglected; there ought to be not a few Catholics amongst them baptized by Father De Smet. Bishop Marty recommended us to do all we could for them, but with our present numbers it is impossible to give them any care.

St. Ignatius' Mission was founded in 1844 amongst the Kalispel Indians, but afterwards, because the locality was exposed to inundations, and still more because of the greater good that could be done for many other tribes, it was removed, in 1853, to its present site among the Pend'-Oreilles. These Indians, together with the Kalispels, Kotoonais, and some Flatheads of the Reservation, number two thousand; with few exceptions, if, indeed, there be any, all of these are practical Catholics. The church is one hundred by forty-five feet; it is built of wood, but solid, and has a belfry fifty feet high. The orphanage, under the Sisters of Charity, cares for forty Indian girls; our school has some thirty boys; both of these institutions are sustained in part by a Government appropriation. Nearly all the Indians come to the Mission four or five times a year, at the principal festivals. Sick calls, to a distance of thirty, fifty and eighty miles, keep one or two Fathers busy a great portion of the time, entailing very severe labor in winter by snow, ice and cold; in spring by swollen streams; and in summer by the excessive heat. Furthermore, one of the Fathers is obliged, three or four times each year, to make a round of visits to different Indian camps, remaining in each some days, or even weeks, according to the wants of the sick and infirm. The whole county of Missoula depends partly upon this Mission, partly upon St. Mary's. The county has three thousand white inhabitants, and the principal places are Missoula City, Frenchtown, Fort Missoula and the United States Agency. A Father almost constantly resides at Missoula City, and the Sisters of Charity have a school and hospital there.

Annual report: Confessions, 12,500; Communions,

11,000; Baptisms of children, 75; adult Baptisms, 5; First Communions, 45; days of missionary travel, 250; sermons, 240; instructions, 800.

ST. MARY'S.—The Mission of St. Mary's, the first to be established by Father De Smet, in 1840, for the Flathead Indians, for various reasons had to be closed for a time, but it was afterwards reopened very near the original site. At present, in addition to the Flatheads living outside of their reservation—about four hundred in number, and all good Catholics—it has charge of about one thousand whites, settled here and there through the whole of this extensive valley. Stevensville and Corvallis are the only villages, and they have only a few families.

Annual report: Confessions, 1,200; Communions, 1,050; infant Baptisms, 35; adult Baptisms, 10; First Communions, 20; days of missionary travel, 30; sermons, 100; instructions, 150.

The three remaining counties of Montana, with a white population of fourteen thousand and many Indians, are in charge of two secular priests. Four additional priests would hardly suffice for so extensive a territory and its widely scattered inhabitants.

Montana is traversed by the chain of the Rocky Mountains, running north and south, and dividing it into two unequal parts. The Western section, embracing two counties, belongs to the Vicariate Apostolic of Idaho. At the present writing, the administrator is the Archbishop of Oregon, whose residence is more than eleven hundred miles from this part of his charge. The Eastern section, consisting of nine counties, forms a part of the Vicariate Apostolic of Nebraska, and is consequently more than twelve hundred miles from the Episcopal See. The Pacific railroad has already reached Montana from the East, and in a few years it will be completed to the Pacific Ocean. Now, it is generally believed, that the white population of Montana, as the railroad advances, will increase at the rate of twenty per cent. a year. Protestants are straining every nerve to

occupy the country, erecting churches and schools everywhere, not only for the whites, but also amongst the Indians. Such being the situation of affairs, all of our Fathers, the two secular priests and Archbishop Seghers of Oregon, who made a visitation of Montana last year, are of opinion that it would be not only opportune, but even necessary for the spiritual welfare of the country, that Montana should be erected into a Vicariate Apostolic, with Helena as its centre.

Furthermore, it is the opinion of many of Ours, that there should be in Montana a regular house of the Society, that is to say, a College, in some central and populous place. At present, Helena is the only place of the kind, but that must be given to the Bishop, for if we are to have a Bishop, he must have a suitable residence.

Hence, the Fathers who are best acquainted with the situation, assert that we should without delay procure a site in the outskirts of Helena, in some position to which the city will extend, and start a school there, which may afterwards develop into a College. A College of the Society in Montana, far from injuring, would be of great advantage to the Indian Missions, provided things were properly managed.

II.—IDAHO AND WASHINGTON TERRITORIES.

In Idaho, we have two Missions, embracing a district one hundred and eighty miles in length, and from sixty to one hundred in width. The rest of the Territory is under the charge of secular priests. Conterminous with the Missions of Idaho is the portion of Washington Territory cared for by our Fathers, one hundred and eighty miles long and one hundred and seventy wide.

IDAHO.

Sacred Heart.—The Mission of the Sacred Heart was opened in 1842, by Father de Smet, for the Cœur d'Alêne Indians, near the mouth of St. Joseph's River, but as great

damage was done by frequent floods, it was removed in 1846 to the place now called Old Cœur d'Alêne Mission, where all the Indians could be gathered together at the principal festivals. After the whole tribe had embraced the faith, these Indians became industrious and energetic farmers; and after a few years the Mission lands became too contracted for so many cultivators, and many of the new fields were at a great distance from the Mission. As time went on, the question was agitated of transferring the Mission to another place, more convenient both for the Indians and the Fathers, and already, in 1865, this question of removal had been of long standing. The conservative party, however, laid much stress upon the drawbacks of the new position, in regard to fishing and hunting, of which they were very fond, and their influence prevailed so far as to retain the Mission at Old Cœur d'Alêne until 1877.

The encroachment of white settlers upon the lands that had been marked out for the new Mission was the most effective argument in persuading the Indians to give unanimous consent to the change of site. Squatters had taken possession of some of these lands, but the chiefs, aided by the Fathers, settled matters amicably. By the payment of a trifling sum for the improvements they had already made, the white settlers were induced to remove from the lands reserved for the Cœur d'Alênes, and to establish themselves in the neighborhood, but outside the limits of the reserve. The behavior of the Cœur d'Alênes, especially of late years, to the whites who surround them on every side, is such as to reflect credit upon the Mission, and to give glory to God. "The Cœur d'Alênes," a report says, "are not only the best Christians, but they are also the best citizens of the country." Not a few of the whites have been converted by the good example of these Indians, who, a few years ago, were a terror to many other tribes, an object of hatred to the whites, and of such evil reputation among the Indians as to deserve the name of Cœur d'Alênes (Awl Hearts). This Mission, which brings such consolation to the Sacred Heart, and, consequently, to the Fathers who labor in it, which is

so edifying to the whites, Catholic, Protestant or infidel, is at present, we may say, almost in the open air. The church is a small affair, scarcely fit for a stable; the residence has two rooms worse than many Indian huts, and the school-house—so necessary, if we wish to preserve the faith of the rising generation, and guard them against the wiles of Protestant agents,—consists of four upright posts. All that could be done so far was to erect an orphan asylum for thirty girls, supported by the Government, and directed by Sisters of Charity.

Nearly all the Cœur d'Alênes live in the neighborhood of the new Mission, none being more than fifteen miles away, and, consequently, more than half of them can come to Mass every second Sunday; and, as a general rule, they approach the Sacraments whenever they attend at Mass. For about two years they have been seriously deliberating upon the subject of building a spacious and decent church, and they have already collected some two thousand dollars amongst themselves for this purpose. But what can be done with two thousand dollars in this country towards even a wooden church, one hundred and twenty by forty-five feet? It is scarcely the fourth part of what is required.

The Fathers of this Mission have charge also of the Spokanes in Washington Territory. A chapel, not yet finished, has been there since 1866. More than two hundred of the Spokanes are Catholics, and five or six hundred are Protestants or pagans. The white settlers, who are flocking by hundreds into this region, are also an object of our solicitude.

The condition of the Mission will appear from the subjoined report:—

Catholics, 1,250; Protestants, 2,000; pagans, 3,000; Confessions, 7,500; Communions, 6,800; infant Baptisms, 45; adult Baptisms, 10; First Communions, 30; sermons, 150; instructions, 650.

The centres of white population are Spokane Falls, Farmington, Fort Cœur d'Alêne, and two small places recently settled. The Bishop of Nesqualy, to whose diocese some

of these places belong, is willing to relieve us from the charge of them when he can supply secular priests—but this will be, I think, only after many years.

St. Joseph's, Lapwai.—The Mission of St. Joseph's was established, after many years of difficulties of every kind at Lapwai, in 1875, for the Nez Percés Indians. The war of 1877 between the United States troops and the Nez Percés destroyed the fairest prospects of this Mission, because many of those who took up arms were well affected towards our holy religion, and these are now prisoners far away. Many Protestants were among the hostiles, but only two Catholics, and those two were forced by circumstances into the war. The Mission has now about four hundred Catholics, five hundred Protestants, and eleven hundred pagans; there are besides some three or four thousand whites, one fifth of them being Catholics. In Lewiston, a town of fifteen hundred souls, many of the Catholic youth lose their faith for want of Catholic schools. There are in Lewiston five schools of no religion, and one under Protestant control. With anguish of heart we must say: *Filii hujus sæculi prudentiores sunt quam filii lucis.* We have a church and residence at Lapwai, a church and residence at Lewiston, and two small chapels at Indian camps. Some Nez Percé boys and girls are in our schools at Colville, but the parents, in general, object to having their children so far away from home, as Colville is two hundred miles distant. There is every prospect that Lewiston in a few years will become a great city.

Annual report:—Confessions, 1,700; Communions, 1,500; infant Baptisms, 35; adult Baptisms, 50; sermons, 150; instructions, 250; missionary travel (days), 120.

WASHINGTON TERRITORY.

In Washington Territory, we have two Missions, Colville and Yakima.

Colville.—The Mission of Colville was founded in 1845 amongst the Sgojelpi and Snackeisti Indians, who had

been visited in 1838 by two secular priests, the first missionaries who came from Canada to these regions, called at that time by the common name of Oregon. They were visited in 1842 by Father De Smet, and subsequently by other Fathers, and came themselves from time to time to the Missions of St. Ignatius and the Sacred Heart, that were already founded in the country. The Mission had to be closed for a while, but it was soon reopened. The Indians depending upon it are the Sgojelpi, Snackeisti, and lower Kalispels, who are all Catholics, and number two thousand souls; also the Okinagans, Simpoilski, Skaezithini, Nespilem and Moses' Band, together with some other small tribes scattered along the Columbia River. There are three thousand Indians in these tribes, and already some of them have embraced the faith, and others are well disposed. Furthermore, this Mission has charge of the whites at Colville, and of two great fertile valleys, besides many families scattered here and there; this white or mixed population numbers four thousand. At the Mission, we have the Church of St. Francis Regis under construction, and a house commodious enough for eight or ten of Ours, which is partly occupied by Indian boys, some thirty in number, who are boarding scholars; it is hoped that we shall be able to build an academy. This school, supported at government expense, was under the charge of Sisters of Charity, but they were unwilling to keep the boys, and, as the agent was dissatisfied with the management, and there was danger that the school might fall into secular, and perhaps Protestant hands, we have been obliged to take charge of it. The Sisters have a flourishing school for girls, with fifty boarders, supported by the government. There are, besides, the Church of the Immaculate Conception, for the people of the town, at a distance of ten miles from the Mission; the Church of St. Paul, at the fisheries, six miles off; and a church is proposed for the white settlers at Chewelah, thirty miles away. There are also four small chapels at distances of fifteen, thirty, fifty and one hundred miles. This Mission should be divided into three:—Colville, with

three Fathers and three brothers; Okinagan, with two Fathers and two brothers; and the Band of Moses, with two Fathers and two Brothers.

Annual report:—Confessions, 8,000; Communions, 6,000; infant Baptisms, 75; adult Baptisms, 35; sermons, 500; instructions, 500; missionary travel (days), 700.

YAKIMA.—The Mission of St. Joseph's at Yakima was founded by the Oblate Fathers in 1846, and given up by them in 1855. Although many of the Yakima Indians had become Catholics, yet the United States Government, towards 1860, assigned them for Agent a Protestant minister, who managed to baptize several pagans, and to pervert some of the Catholics. The converts who had remained faithful made frequent appeals to the Bishop, complaining that they were abandoned as sheep to the wolves. The Bishop directed a priest to visit them occasionally; but what can a flying visit of the shepherd accomplish for his flock, when the wolf remains permanently within the fold? The Protestant minister, who was at the same time government Agent, after some years had gained many proselytes, and it was not until 1867 that a secular priest went to repair and rebuild the old Mission of Yakima, where he accomplished much good; but, being obliged to leave it on account of sickness, finally, in 1870, our Fathers, with whom the Bishop had been very urgent, were, in a manner, compelled to take charge of the Mission. The ravages of the enemy may be partly repaired. The Mission contains six hundred Catholics, six hundred Protestants, and two thousand pagans, independent of five thousand whites, one-eighth of whom, perhaps, are Catholics. The difficulties arising from the situation, from the Protestant minister, from the Protestant Indians, and from several other causes, have many times induced us to entertain the project of removing the Mission to a new site on the Columbia River, one hundred and fifty miles from Yakima. The reasons for and against the proposition were discussed in a consultation of all the Fathers, held in September, 1880. The conclusion reached unani-

mously was that it was not expedient to abandon anew the sheep to the wolf, but, rather, to go on with patience, and to procure the establishment of another mission on the Columbia, without giving up Yakima.

The recently appointed Bishop of Nesqualy, to whose jurisdiction the whole of Washington Territory belongs, is disposed to assume the care of white congregations when they are able to support a priest, and when he can supply a priest. These two conditions are not easily fulfilled, nor is it likely that they can be satisfied within any near period of time. So great is the scarcity of priests at present, that many Catholics are lost, going over to the sects, or sinking into infidelity. It is true, that in this Territory, our responsibility as regards the whites is not so great, since the Bishop has declared that in course of time he will take charge of them; but that, in the first place, does not prevent the loss of souls in the meantime, and secondly, it is to be feared that many Indians, now good Catholics, will be perverted by contact with these whites, who are deprived of religious assistance.

Annual report:—Confessions, 2,500; Communions, 1,700; infant Baptisms, 40; adult Baptisms, 10; sermons, 150; instructions, 200; missionary travel (days), 245.

In conclusion, it is to be observed that this Mission of the Rocky Mountains, which a few years ago was in a country entirely savage, is at present in districts either civilized, or which are being rapidly opened to civilization, and hence there is need of an increasing number of zealous and able missionaries, both for the whites, who are multiplying very fast, and for the Indians, who require more spiritual assistance when surrounded by so many dangers. Besides, with some trifling exceptions, these are our only Indian Missions in the United States, and we should strive at any cost to preserve and increase them, especially when we witness the efforts of the Protestants to gain over the Indians. A Catholic Bishop said a few years ago, *that a rigid account would have to be rendered to God for having neglected the*

Indians, who have been either exterminated, or who have become Protestants. Under these circumstances, the Society has reason to thank God, for the choice He has made of it, to foster and preserve these few tribes of Indians; and if the Society redoubles its efforts to preserve and increase what has already been accomplished, will it not receive a great reward from the Master? and, in future ages, will not this be one of the brightest gems in its glorious crown?

FIFTY YEARS AGO.

II.—JUBILEE MISSIONS IN ST. MARY'S COUNTY.

(*From a French MS. Relation by Father S. Dubuisson.*)

St. Mary's County, Md., February, 1830.

This County lies along the Potomac River, at a distance of seventy to one hundred miles from Georgetown. The number of missionaries here is far below what it ought to be. At Newtown, where four, or, at least, three, very active priests are needed, Father Cary, already advanced in years and shattered in health, is alone with the Rev. Mr. Monnelly, who is much older, but, fortunately, enjoys better health.

Father Dubuisson left Washington on the 23d of December, in order to help Father Cary, and it had been agreed upon that he was to preach at Newtown on Christmas Day, but a dense fog prevented him from landing at Newtown, and he was obliged to go on to St. Inigoes, where he found FF. Carbery and Finegan preparing to open the Jubilee next day, and anxiously expecting assistance which had been promised. The four missionaries of Newtown and St. Inigoes had agreed to join forces, and to give the Jubilee exercises together for four or five days in succession at each of the eight churches which they attend in St. Mary's County, and Father Cary, who was expecting Father Du-

buisson to take his place at Newtown, was himself expected at St. Inigoes, where, in fact, he arrived on the evening of the 24th, to the great joy of Father Carbery, who regarded it as a special providence that Fr. Dubuisson had been obliged to change his destination.

St. Inigoes.—Dec. 25th. On the festival of the Nativity of our Lord, the missionaries began, with the assistance of God, their sacred labors, which lasted without interruption for thirty-three days. From the very beginning we were led to look forward to abundant and consoling results. The weather was unpropitious; nevertheless, on Christmas Day the people crowded to church. There were many who approached the Sacraments, and during the sermon many were deeply moved. Our plan during the exercises was to celebrate the last Mass at eleven o'clock, to preach once or twice each day, and to hear as many confessions as possible, even after all the other services, either in the church or at the private houses where we stayed over night. The churches of St. Mary's, in general, are in the open fields, or surrounded by woods, without house or shelter of any kind close by.

Dec. 26. The weather could not be worse: heavy and chilling rain. Yet there were one hundred and fifty persons in church, of whom fifty received Holy Communion, a very fair number, considering the circumstances, for St. Inigoes is a parish of four hundred communicants at most.

Dec. 27. Sunday. Weather somewhat improved, but still unfavorable. The church was filled, and again many faces were bathed in tears during the sermon. Surely, the Spirit of God was diffused; their hearts were ready. It seems that there was not a Catholic who had not resolved to gain the indulgence. Fifteen persons of various denominations were received into the bosom of the Church. The new converts who approached the Holy Table for the first time on this occasion numbered twenty.

St. Nicholas.—The missionaries, filled with hope after so auspicious a beginning, passed on to the parish of St. Nicholas; here there was the same zeal, the same eager-

ness on the part of the faithful. This parish is larger than that of St. Inigoes, and the confessions were more numerous. Amongst other consolations of the pastor, an aged naval officer, distinguished for his upright character and for his social rank, gave an edifying example by returning to the practices of religion. He was born a Catholic, but like so many others, circumstances—a thousand things had kept him away from the Sacraments.

St. John's was the third parish to which the missionaries passed. God went before them and prepared the way by the action of His grace upon souls. It would be a constant repetition to say that everywhere they found the same eager desire to profit by this occasion of the Jubilee, in order to be reconciled to God. Not to prolong this narration, I shall only note rapidly whatsoever most worthy of mention happened in each place.

St. John's Church can be said to be in the woods. The parish is poor, but populous. The few well-to-do members of the congregation would have to defray all the expense of completing and ornamenting this church.

The missionaries were lodged in different houses, some of them at a distance of five or six miles from the church. They set off before daybreak to go and say Mass, and to be on hand at an early hour to hear confessions; but they always found quite a number of the faithful there beforehand, waiting for their coming. The persevering attendance of the people at the exercises was wonderful. After the last Mass and sermon, the labors of the confessional again occupied us, and dinner was generally deferred till the end of the day. Words cannot express the consolation that filled my soul when I was brought face to face with the living faith of these good people, and witnessed their deep love for our holy religion.

They were very attentive in providing for our wants; refreshments were brought without fail to the sacristy, and it is to be regretted that their care and hospitality deprived us in great measure of our proper amount of mortification. With what lively interest did they inspire us as they thronged about the confessionals, which were nothing more

than an angle in some corner of the church, screened off with counterpanes hung around. The penitent knelt upon the floor, and both penitent and priest were exposed to the cold, which was at times quite sharp.

Newtown was our fourth station. The same ardor was displayed here to gain the indulgence. Many Catholics, whose occupations had been of such a nature as to render the frequentation of the Sacraments difficult for them, offered the encouraging example of their First Communion long after the ordinary age.

St. Joseph's was then the object of our cares. The people here came to the services, and remained in the church more perseveringly, it seemed, than any where else. We could not think of going away before supper time. Many persons remained in the church all day; and they stayed not merely to confess, but even *fasting*, in order to be able to receive Holy Communion, which we administered until sunset. This trait, though it was more marked at St. Joseph's, does not belong exclusively to that parish. At St. John's, the Sacred Heart, St. Aloysius', and Our Lady's of Medley's Neck, to a greater or less extent, the fervor of the people was shown by the same circumstance.

Perhaps it will not be without interest to remark here that in the greater number of these churches, there are no benches, or scarcely any (chairs are not used here as in Europe), so that the greater part, and sometimes almost all of those present were obliged to stand or kneel during the Mass and sermon, that is to say, for a couple of hours at least, independent of the time they spent in church before and after the services; and that, too, in the depth of winter, and in churches exposed to the winds.

Several Protestants and other stray sheep were gathered into the fold, about thirty five in all, in the different parishes, but that of the Sacred Heart, to which we came from St. Joseph's, was one of the most remarkable in this respect. The Catholic Religion excites more and more the public attention.

Sacred Heart.—Sunday, Jan. 17. There was a large congregation present; they say that about one hundred Protestants were in the church. The sermon was on the beautiful subject of the adorable Eucharist. The non-Catholics listened with surprising attention; many of them were deeply moved. May the God of truth dissipate all their prejudices.

St. Aloysius'.—An admirable spectacle here was to see a colonel of militia in the crowd, among the negroes, for nearly three hours before the confessional, waiting for his turn, and afterwards kneeling at the Holy Table. There was not a Catholic of any class who did not make the Jubilee—not one who even entertained the thought of failing to make it.

Our Lady's, Medley's Neck.—Our joy was at its height in the last parish, when an unfortunate accident happened. Our Lady's Chapel was built some ten years ago; it is of brick; they say that the foundations are defective. The work was not well done; the walls are already cracked, and there are doubts about its solidity. On Sunday, January 24th, there was a great concourse of Catholics and others. During the early part of the morning the causes of apprehension were freely discussed, and all minds were prepared for a panic.

Mass is begun; the body of the church and the galleries are thronged. During the Gospel a noise is heard, as if a wall or some beam was giving way—it was, in fact, one of the floor supports that was yielding, and the floor, although it did not sink completely, began to bend under the weight of the crowd. Nothing more was needed to kindle alarm; it was believed that the whole building was going to tumble down. In the twinkling of an eye the crowd presses towards the door and windows; those who were in the galleries rush to the staircase, and some fling themselves down on top of the struggling crowd below; they break the window-frames into a thousand pieces, regardless of cutting their hands, and through door and windows they pour out of the church. It was a terrible moment; the floor violently agitated, the smashing of glass, the cries of

the women—all presaged most deplorable consequences, even if the walls should hold firm. The celebrant did not quit the altar, but he was obliged to suspend the Mass. He remained motionless in prayer, awaiting God's good pleasure. Some women, prompted by terror and faith, entered the sanctuary, and seized the extremity of the priest's chasuble.

By the goodness of God, the accident was not as disastrous as we feared it might have been. After eight or ten minutes the Holy Sacrifice was resumed. Many reëntered the church; there were very many communicants, and a very long sermon was preached without any interruption. Several persons suffered considerably from the crowding; some were knocked down and badly bruised; nevertheless, we had the great satisfaction to learn that, after all, no one was seriously injured. None of the missionaries gave way to this panic fear—all of us remained in the Church. One of the Fathers was in the choir gallery, where he had been hearing confessions until the beginning of the last Mass, and he persuaded even the ladies to remain, who courageously began to sing as soon as the priest could continue with the Holy Sacrifice.

The only serious consequence of the accident is to entail upon the parish considerable expense, in order to repair the church. Perhaps it will be necessary to pull it down and rebuild, and Our Lady's of Medley's Neck is one of those parishes in which there is but a small number of persons who can afford to contribute to such an expense. I do not know what they intend to do; but it seems impossible that they can defray the cost without outside assistance. Nevertheless, if the church be not put in good condition, many old, infirm and poor persons will never, perhaps, in their lives have the consolation of assisting at the Holy Sacrifice of the Altar.

It is time to close my report; I cannot, however terminate without indulging in a reflection; it is this: considering the state of many of our poor parishes in America, and comparing it with what I have seen in Italy and France, I cannot refrain from regrets, and I say to myself; "O, if . . "

—God defend me from even hinting that the churches of Paris, Turin, Genoa and Rome are too rich. Nothing is too beautiful for the service of the Master of Heaven and earth; nothing is too magnificent to fill the minds of men with that respect which is His due. But if they would only give us a little share of it! . . . What is a trifle to them would be something grand here. . . . Let us hope . . . . from the bounty of God and the charitable zeal of our friends in Europe.

III.—INSTRUCTION IN THE UNITED STATES.[1]

(*Translated from the* UNION *of Brussels, Sept. 12, 1833.*)

UNIVERSITY OF ST. LOUIS, May 26, 1833.

Our College has lately been raised to the rank of a University. The State Legislatnre, although the Protestants form a vast majority of its members, has granted us this title with all the powers and privileges possessed by establishments of this rank in the United States. This honorable distinction, which no other educational institution shares with us as yet in the State of Missouri, is an unequivocal and public proof of the usefulness and importance of our literary institution, and a testimony of the high opinion in which it is held by our lawmakers. But, after all, it is only a title, which does not supply us with funds; more than this, it imposes the obligation of redoubling our efforts, that we may appear before the public eye worthy of the high functions which we exercise. Our dear brethren of Georgetown College are more fortunate in this respect. Their establishment has been long founded, it is extensive and well organized; it enjoys a wide-spread reputation; it has a large number of students who pay a liberal pension, and it possesses lands for its support. It has also been honored with the title of University for the past fourteen years. Situated almost in the centre of the United States,

[1] The initials subscribed to this paper point to Fr. Peter J. Verhaegen as its writer. He was appointed Rector at St. Louis, Nov. 1, 1829.

near the capital of our vast republic, it is under the immediate patronage of Congress, which has lately granted it the sum of 100,000 francs as a free gift, to be employed in widening the sphere of its usefulness. It has also a novitiate, which supplies annually teachers without any expense, &c., &c. These are advantages for which we bless the Lord, but they are advantages of which we are almost entirely deprived. We have not even a Church depending upon our institution, in which to give the Catholics and Protestants of the neighborhood the instructions for which they are so anxious.

There is a weekly newspaper in this city devoted exclusively to the defence of our holy religion, and published under the auspices of our venerable and worthy Bishop. We Belgians, for whom the English language has been, and ought to be, one of the principal studies, are contributors to this journal, and it has succeeded in commending itself to Protestants, who eagerly read it, finding in its columns that truth which they vauntingly profess to be the only object of their enquiries, and which they will finally embrace. It has an extensive circulation, and accomplishes much good amongst persons of every age and profession. So we are not merely employed in forming the hearts of children who will cause piety to revive in the bosoms of their families, but, furthermore, from our establishment, we preach, as it were, in every part of the West. There are those who regard all this with an evil eye, and as they see the edifice of the Reformation shaken, they are using every effort to counteract our labors, and propose to start a paper in support of the altar which they have raised against that of the Lord. The opposition will be to our advantage, for truth never shines forth with brighter lustre than when it is confronted with the falsehoods and dreams of error.

I have just received a letter from one of my old Louvain friends, M. Van Bockel, who arrived here last year to dedicate himself to the missions. He is now in Kentucky, in the neighborhood of the religious establishments formed by our revered countryman of happy memory, the Reverend M. Nerinckx, and he writes to me of his intention to

enter our Society in a few weeks. We have a little mission there.

The zealous and holy Father Van Quickenborne is busy all the time traveling and preaching. He visits, instructs, and brings consolation to many scattered families in this and the neighboring State. After every trip of this kind, he rejoices us by the news of twenty or thirty conversions. He is almost constantly traversing a territory of more than a hundred miles in circumference, and his services are nevertheless demanded elsewhere. Had we five or six men of his apostolic spirit, employed in the same work, how abundant would be the fruits of their united labors! In every section of our vast republic, enjoying the sweet blessings of uninterrupted peace, where all things conspire to bind hearts together in union, we see each year new churches rising, and new establishments formed, which will plant the seeds of faith and virtue, and bring forth the increase of our holy religion. It is a most consoling sight, especially in our immediate vicinity, where, ten years ago, there was scarcely anything. *Liberty of conscience, which every one enjoys in the full force of the term, favors all the pious projects that we form for the good of our neighbor; there is nothing to hamper us in this respect.*

The death of our zealous and very pious compatriot and colleague, J. Van Lommel, has caused us much affliction. Before his departure from Maryland, his health had been weakened to some extent, and he was so worn out upon his arrival here, that he could not recover his strength: for our climate is, without comparison, more favorable to foreigners than that of the East, where I was never well. He died of consumption, which he had contracted there. His eulogium can be briefly made: *Obiit postquam omnia bene fecisset, vir annorum paucorum, sed virtute et meritis senex.*

Young Van Sweevelt is at our University. His services are such that we alone can justly appreciate them; there is no doubt that he will reflect credit upon the Society.

P. J. V.

INDIAN MISSIONS.

I.—WASHINGTON TERRITORY.

Letter of Father U. Grassi to Father Cataldo.

In order that you may have a clearer idea of the present state of the tribes living south of the Mission of St. Francis Regis, as far as the mouth of the Okinagan, I must mention some events of former years, concerning which, so far as I am aware, nothing has heretofore been written.

At the distances of fifty, eighty, one hundred, and one hundred and twenty miles from the above mentioned Mission are the tribes called *Zaszagess*, *Simpoilschi*, *Nespilem*, *Suipakein*. All these tribes were seduced into heresy in 1838, and, although retaining but little of its erroneous doctrine, yet they are deeply infected with a sentiment of hatred or fear, or suspicion of the Catholic missionary—perhaps it would be more accurately described as a compound of these three feelings. Some years ago I sent to the Zaszagess Father Tosi, one of our best missionaries, and assigned to him as companion a chief of our own Sgojelpi Indians, who, in addition to eloquence and zeal, had the advantage of being related to the chief of the Zaszagess. They had a long conference, and it promised a favorable issue, when a messenger arrived from the Spokane chief, Jerry, with the suggestion that they should defer, at least for some days, accepting the Catholic "prayer." This was sufficient to dispel from their fickle hearts the apparently good dispositions which they had manifested a few days before. In subsequent years other missionaries visited them, as they are on the direct route to other tribes, but the only answer they could obtain was this: "If you had been the first to come to us, we would now belong to you."

The veteran missionary, Father Joset, some years ago

visited the Simpoilschi. He was well known to them, because this tribe, when the Mission was founded at Colville, had sent a deputation of seven or eight Indians to invite him to give the Catholic prayer to the tribe. Father Joset spoke to them about religion, gave each of them a name, which they still retain, and dismissed them with the promise that in the following Spring—for it was then the Fall of the year—he would make a journey to their country if they should come for him. The chief of the deputation died during the winter, and no one ever came for the missionary. Long afterwards, about ten years ago, an Indian of the tribe fell sick of some nervous disease, which tortured him for two years, and left him crippled for life. During this sickness he had (so he said) visions of Paradise, and received messages which were to be communicated to his people: that the Catholic missionaries had been envoys of God up to that time, but as they had entered into friendship with the Whites, the Lord had now cast them off, and had chosen him to let them know the will of God, and be saved; that God was angry, and had commanded him, as a second Noah, to build an ark, in which all the new believers were to be rescued from the deluge, which would overwhelm the world after eight years. He was believed by the greater part of the tribe. The time predicted for this second deluge was drawing nigh, but there was no sign of the deluge. Then another revelation came to extricate him: he was to build a church first, and an ark afterwards, and when the ark was ready the deluge would come. The poor Simpoilschi swallowed all this, and it is heart-rending to witness the veneration that these poor people have for this charlatan. Kolaskan, as he is called, is second only to God. Jesus and Mary are invoked as intercessors. The code which he promulgates is a mixture of Indian superstitions with Catholic and Protestant doctrines, and with this he manages to satisfy the consciences of all. I happened once to be among the Simpoilschi, when the whole tribe was collected together, and along with the others I went to their 'prayer,' and although the Prophet had declared that he did not per-

mit me to preach, I did not wish to lose such a splendid chance of letting them learn some Catholic truths. I began therefore by praising what little there was worthy of praise in the performance, and then passed on to inculcate the Divinity of Jesus Christ, and the necessity of Baptism. Kolaskan, having listened for a short time, interrupted me, saying that I had spoken long enough, especially as I had no permission; he did not deny that Baptism was good, but that his tribe was not yet prepared for Baptism; that when the proper time arrived he would tell them to be baptized. Thereupon, he dismissed the meeting. I was alone, friendless, and there was a deep snow on the ground. So it was prudent to moderate my zeal, but I repeated privately to all of them in their lodges that if they did not become Christians, they should not enter into Heaven.

I passed on from there to the Nespilem; they were pleased to see me, but as to receiving the prayer, they said that if the chief received Baptism, they would all willingly imitate his example. But the chief was a firm believer in the new revelation, and bitterly opposed to the Catholic religion. It was impossible to remain for any length of time amongst the Nespilem, so I passed on to the Suipakein Indians. On my arrival at their camp, no one came to welcome me.

Seeing a deserted hut, I entered it and put down my baggage; whilst I was considering where I should erect an altar, in case I should be allowed to remain, Suipakein came in with the principal men of the tribe. They saluted me with respect, and, after a general shaking of hands and a short conversation, Suipakein said that he did not think it befitting for me to remain in a hut without door or window; that I might occupy the neighboring house, which chanced to be empty, as its owner was away at the chase. I accepted the offer, and fared somewhat better for accommodations. There were seven or eight Christians in the place, and when they saw the reception given to me by the chief, they came forward to shake hands. I had spent two weeks among them, when one day the principal man of those who had been baptized called upon me as spokesman for the others,

and said bluntly that I had staid long enough; that they had had instruction enough for one time, they had all gone to confession, and that I could now leave them, since Suipakein had no desire of Baptism, and his people wanted me to go away. I answered him that I was desirous of learning the revelations of S. before my departure (for he too was many times lifted up to heaven). He went off somewhat disconcerted. Another reason why I did not wish to depart just then was that I did not know where to go; the ground was still covered with snow, I had no guide, and the paths were as yet unbroken. That night, after I had retired, S. entered with a dozen or more of the old men. Having got up, he asked me if I had any desire to hear about his visions, and having received my answer that I took a great deal of interest in the subject, he began by saying that he had not indeed seen any one, but that he heard a voice, which taught him all that he had learned, and that he afterwards made it known to his people. Then he began to chant more or less exactly the history of the Creation, of the Deluge, and the Life of our Lord. When he had finished, although I was well aware that he had not uttered a word of his own inventions and diabolical revelations, I told him that what he had said thus far, with some corrections here and there, tallied with the teachings of the missionary. This remark pleased him, and he said: "To-morrow I shall give you a bell, so that you may summon to prayer such of the tribe as wish to go." Then, to my great relief, they withdrew. After many days, S. declared publicly that he was going to give up the 'prayer of his vision,' and that he wished all to receive Baptism, as he intended to be baptized himself. The people did not lend a ready ear to his words, and his fervor quickly cooled down. I remained amongst this people till Spring, and, as holy obedience had assigned me occupations elsewhere, I did not see the tribe again for two years. On my return I found S. to be in the same dispositions, and having told him that I wished to build a chapel and small house in that neighborhood, he expressed his satisfaction. This was in the Fall of 1880.

Allow me here to make a digression. On my departure from that place, I descended the Columbia River for twenty-five or thirty miles, and arrived at Stlakem, a rendezvous for salmon fishing, and there I heard that Moses, head chief of the tribe, and other chiefs were waiting near the mouth of the Okinagan for an officer of the Government, who was charged with the duty of asking for their children, to be transferred to an Industrial School in Oregon. I crossed the Columbia in order to caution the Catholic chiefs against surrendering their sons, because the Catholic priest was debarred from all access to those who had once entered that school. At the same time, I informed Moses and all the others that it was my intention to build a small house in that neighborhood, and that then I should have their sons taught to read and write. Moses approved the plan, but afterwards added that the government had granted the land to him, and, consequently, he could not dispose of it for a school-house, or a place of prayer. Several days after I had left this place, the official arrived, not at the Indian camp, but at the military post near the mouth of the Spokane River, and summoned the chiefs to meet him there. Moses alone responded to the call, and had the courage to refuse to give up his children, saying that the Catholic priest would take charge of them. The officer was quite angry at this reply, declaimed at some length against the priest, said that he should accuse Moses before the Authorities, and ended with a threat of punishment, if by next Spring he should not have surrendered the Indian youth. These words intimidated Moses, but for all that, he returned home without promising anything.

After having visited the various Indian camps scattered here and there, which kept me busy for three months, I betook myself again to the territory of Suipakein. Here, I return to my narration. At Nstepizem, twenty-five miles from his residence, I called Gilkagan, an inferior chief, the only Indian competent to put up a house, and told him that I wanted him to build a chapel for me. He said that he did not dare to undertake such a job without the permission of Suipakein. I answered that this permission was already

granted, but he would not move in the matter. He then told a young man to go and find out the intentions and wishes of Suipakein. The answer was not favorable, and he went in person to see him. S. assembled the old men of the tribe, and laid my plan before them. They came to the conclusion that if the Missionary were allowed to erect a dwelling-place in their country, other white men would come, and would end by taking possession of all their lands, as they had done elsewhere. Suipakein thereupon announced the decision to Gilkagan that if his people had all been willing, he himself would have had no objections, but that he did not dare, on his own responsibility to give the Missionary permission to build. The good Gilkagan brought me back this answer, which prevents me from taking up a position there at present. At the beginning of Spring I returned to the Mission of St. Francis Regis, having promised these Indians to visit them again, if in any way it be possible. R^ae^ V^ae^ Servus in Xto.

U. Grassi, S. J.

II.—LAKE SUPERIOR.

Letter of Father Jos. Specht to Father James Perron.

Fort William, Ont., Nov. 4, 1881.

Reverend Father,

P. C.

It is high time for me to fulfil the promise which I made of giving some account of my trip during last Spring. In accordance with the directions of Father Hébert, I was not to set out upon the journey until the beginning of April, or the end of March, but a sudden and unforeseen call to a sick woman at Namewaminikaning, on Lake Népigon, obliged me to anticipate by a fortnight the time fixed for my departure.

On the 14th of March, then, I left the Mission, accompanied by two Indians of the place, and, having passed the night at Prince Arthur's Landing, six miles from here, I went on to Silver Islet, which I reached on the following

day, towards four o'clock in the afternoon, quite fagged out; for there was a snow-storm the greater part of the time which was very trying to the eyes, and prevented me from halting in the woods with my men to prepare our meals; besides, my companions had forgotten to bring along a hatchet to cut the wood for cooking.

I had intended to pass only one night at Silver Islet, and then to go forward as speedily as possible, for I had a long journey before me, and there was no time to lose. But the weather became so bad that traveling was out of the question, and I was forced to remain where I was until the 21st. This delay was a blessing to the good Irish familes of the place, as it enabled them to hear Mass on St. Patrick's Day. There was a fair attendance of women and children; as to the men, their employers not being Catholics, they were obliged to work as usual at the mines; as a set-off to this, the school children treated themselves to a holiday.

I started again on the 21st, with splendid weather, and at 5.30 P. M. next day, I reached Red Rock, taking my Christians by surprise, as they did not expect me to come for some time. I went to work immediately; in a couple of days all except two or three had made their Easter, and on the afternoon of the 25th, after bidding good-bye to my little flock, and sending back my two companions to Fort William, I set out for Namewaminikaning.

My companions for this part of the way were two half-breeds of Red Rock, who were to guide me as far as Fort Népigon. Another, an Indian, joined us, but he was to accompany us only as far as Namewaminikaning, from which place he would go to Long Lake with letters for FF. Hébert and Gagnon. Our road was very rough; we had to travel along the Népigon River, and as the ice had given way in several places, we were twice obliged to make a *portage* along the heights bordering the stream, a labor which brought out the perspiration. Next day, the 26th, we left the river and took to the woods, and by nightfall reached the tent of Francis Bouchard, a brother of one of my traveling companions. I resolved to spend the night near him, for I had

come quite a distance over a hard road. Next morning, which was Sunday, after having heard the confessions of my host, his wife and children, and having said morning prayers with them (there was no possibility of celebrating Mass), I made a fresh start,—this time over Lake Népigon. Towards six o'clock in the evening I reached Namewaminikaning to the great delight of my Christians; but above all to the consolation of the poor sick woman, who had been anxiously waiting for my coming. I found her very low, reduced to a perfect skeleton, but her face beamed with joy at sight of the priest. Having heard her confession that very evening, I gave her the last sacraments next morning, which she received with great devotion. She seemed to be wholly resigned to the will of God. At my departure, I bade her adieu for eternity, as her death occurred shortly afterwards. Her aged mother, a simple, pious soul, did not know how to express her gratitude to me, for administering the consolations of our Holy Religion to her daughter in her last moments. In her simplicity, she offered me a fur, worth from two to four dollars, saying that she would give me some money, if she had any. Thanking her, I said that all I did was for the love of our good God, and that I looked to Him for my reward.

During my short stay at Namewaminikaning, I said Mass twice in a wigwam; but as I had to let the fire die out for this purpose, I came near having my fingers frozen each time. On the second occasion, especially, as I had to give Holy Communion, my fingers were so icy that I could no longer feel the Sacred Host. I assure you that I was very glad when I had finished. It was an encouragment, and at the same time it made me ashamed of myself, that during the whole time of the Mass, my brave Indians also had to do without fire in order not to be deprived of the happiness of assisting at the August Sacrifice and of receiving Holy Communion. They sacrificed their comfort generously and joyfully, chanting hymns for nearly the whole time.

I took leave of my good Christians at six o'clock on the evening of the 29th, and directed my course towards Fort

Népigon, which I was not to reach until the evening of the next day. I should have arrived earlier, had I been able to travel during the night, as is the custom of the Indians; but as that tired me too much, I was obliged to make a halt at an island until daybreak. I was very well received at the Fort by our generous benefactor, Mr. Henri De La Ronde, who lodged me in his own house and provided for all my wants, free of all cost, during the three months that I remained there. I said Mass daily in his house, whilst waiting until milder weather would permit me to take possession of the chapel, situated on the borders of the Lake (Népigon), below the hill on which the residence is built. My congregation was very small, numbering twenty at most, for the greater part of our Indians were then scattered in small bands, engaged in hunting, and made only occasional visits to the Fort to get provisions and ammunition in exchange for their peltries. On the 7th of April I had the happiness of regenerating a young pagan woman in the waters of Baptism. She was my first, and also, if I must say it, my last neophyte during the whole period of my great journey, with the exception of a boy, twelve or thirteen years of age, whom I baptized conditionally, as although born of Christian parents, he had been baptized by a Protestant minister.

I spent the Holy Week at the Fort, trying to pick up some strength for, as I then expected, my approaching journey to Agoki-Sagaigan, of which Fr. Hébert made mention in his letter published in the number of the Woodstock Letters for last May. I was to follow precisely the same route that he had taken in the Spring of 1880, that is to say, to ascend the Ombibakang River, and wait there until the breaking up of the ice and the opening of the rivers, and then to go on to Lake Agoki. After having visited the new Christians whom Fr. Hébert had baptized in the preceding Spring, endeavoring at the same time to convert as many pagans as possible, I was to return to Fort Népigon in time to meet the Indians coming in from the back country. I was on the point of undertaking this trip of

one hundred and fifty miles, in accordance with the orders I had received, when unforeseen difficulties, the wretched condition of the ice on the lakes and rivers, and the failure of my guide to put in an appearance, compelled me to abandon the plan for this season. I was very sorry, for I knew that Fr. Hébert had founded high expectations upon this journey. But, after all, what could I do under the circumstances, except resign myself to the dispensations of Providence?

Obliged against my will to remain at Fort Népigon, I tried to draw profit from my forced inaction. I divided my time between study, principally of the Indian language, and teaching the Christian doctrine to the children. These were my daily occupations until the 23d of May, on which day, the ice having disappeared completely from the Lake, I started for Red Rock, in a bark canoe, with four Indians. I was back again at Fort Népigon by the 30th, where I found a good number of Indians, in great part Christians, who had returned from their wanderings inland. Each day added to their number. Towards Pentecost, nearly all had arrived, even the Christians of Lake Agoki. All told, they were not less than three hundred, twice as many pagans among them as Christians. What a vast field to cultivate! It was the first time that a Missionary had had them all together, as I had them there then. Without any delay, I set to work, spending the greater part of the time in instructing the new Christians and administering the Sacraments of Penance and the Blessed Eucharist. The order of exercises was as follows: at 6.30, Mass, at which all were present regularly every day; after eight o'clock, catechism for the children and newly converted; towards 6.30 P. M., after supper, prayers in common, followed generally by a short instruction upon one of the chief truths of our Holy Religion. Twice a week we recited the beads in common. Confessions were heard whenever the people presented themselves, and that was at all hours of the day. It was a touching spectacle to see these excellent Indians surrounding the Missionary to assist at

the Holy Sacrifice, to hear from his lips the word of God, and receive from his hands the Bread of Angels. More than once, especially on Sundays, the chapel could not hold all those who came.

All these occupations, as may well be imagined, filled up a great part of the time. But I could not be unmindful that "other sheep I had who were not yet of the fold," and they were the greater number, and "these also I had to lead thither." A few rare instances excepted, the pagans did not set their feet inside the chapel, where anyhow they would often have found no room. I resolved, then, to visit them, going from lodge to lodge, inviting them to come to our chapel, where it was my purpose to assemble as many of them as I could, in order to explain to them the principal truths of our Holy Religion. On the 3rd of June, after recommending the matter to God and to our Blessed Lady, I presented myself, accompanied by a Christian Indian, at the different lodges. The greater part received me very coldly, some of them even with mocking laughter.

I forgot to mention that as a general rule the pagans and Christians are divided into two very distinct camps, at Népigon as elsewhere, having their lands apart. But even when they are mingled together, you can easily distinguish the Christians from their pagan companions. The Christians are generally much neater and better dressed than the pagans, who are for the most part very untidy in their appearance, the women and children especially being almost, if not entirely, in tatters. The Christian will greet you with a smile upon his lips, and will offer you his hand, saying: "Bojo, noss" (Good day, Father); and many also make the sign of the Cross. The pagan, as soon as he comes in sight of you, regards you with a stony stare, and as he passes, if he says anything, it will be a dry "Bojo;" and after he has passed, he will turn around to make a leisurely scrutiny of your person.

Returning to my visit to the pagans:—I did not gather from it the fruit which I had looked for. I had calculated to obtain at least a dozen converts, but, to my intense sur-

prise, even those who had up till then shown some inclination to become Christians, and had also assisted at the various services of the Mission, appeared no more at the church, held back doubtless by human respect. It may be asked, and I have often asked myself, what can be the causes which prevent these poor infidels from embracing the faith? In my humble opinion, the primary cause, as regards many of them, is sheer ignorance, for a good number of them had never seen a priest before, and several told me that they would readily embrace the prayer (this is their name for the Christian religion), if they were sufficiently acquainted with its teachings. My invariable answer to this was to say that I was always ready to impart the explanations necessary for them to know and love our faith. Others are deterred by fear of imaginary evils: "If I became a Christian, I would be unlucky." "If my children are baptized, they'll die," &c., &c. I showed them the absurdity of this prejudice by holding up the example of those from among themselves who had become Christians, and by pointing out to them that the children of pagans are just as apt to die as those who have been baptized. Others hold back through a pretended humility: "I would willingly become a Christian, but I am not good enough for that." I answered this class by saying that I had come amongst them precisely for the purpose of helping them to become better, and that if they were in the right way, I should certainly not be losing my time and toil in striving to make them change it. These latter ones had put their finger on the sore spot, and assigned the true reason why many of them will not become Christians—"they are not good enough." Many of these pagans are bigamists; some of them, but such cases are rare, have three or four wives; and knowing very well that as Christians they must be content with one, they prefer to wallow in sin and die in infidelity, rather than resolve to take the step which would bring such a restraint along with it.

Amongst those who did not feel themselves good enough for Christianity was an old pagan named Shickagodjish,

who hates our Holy Religion with all the rancor of his evil heart, and who, along with Babans, his dear helpmate is the cause that not only his children, otherwise well disposed towards us, but many others also, as I believe, do not become Christians. It was a daughter of his that I baptized on the 7th of last April. She was married to a Scotch half-breed, a Catholic, Wilson by name.

On the 23rd of June, I departed from Fort Népigon for Red Rock, with the *brigade*, composed of Christians and pagans, who were transporting to Red Rock the fruits of the Winter and Spring hunting. The *Bourgeois*, Mr. H. De La Ronde, was with us; with his well-known kindness and customary respect for the Missionary, my treatment was such that it could not have been better. He did not want to let me carry anything at the *portages*, saying that he had hands enough for the work (they were nearly thirty men). We said night and morning prayers in common. As the weather was favorable, we arrived safe and sound at Red Rock on the afternoon of the 25th. I installed myself right away in the priest's house, and immediately applied myself to the ordinary duties of the sacred ministry, catechising, hearing confessions, visiting the sick, and baptizing some children. A good number of Indians had come to Red Rock to receive their annual pension, which was paid this year on the 15th of July. After the distribution each one returned home. As for myself, seeing that my work was ended for the season, I took my departure on the 19th for Fort William, which I reached in safety and in good health on the 21st, at ten o'clock in the evening, glad to be once more with our good Fathers and Brothers. Father Gagnon had reached the Mission in advance of me, and Father Hébert returned home two weeks later, in time for the visitation of Rev. Father H. Hudon, our Superior General.

During the four months of my *grand voyage*, I administered only ten Baptisms, a small number, but still it was so much gained. I was more fortunate in another trip which I made a month later to Grand Portage and Grand Marais,

Minn., U. S., where in the short space of twelve days, I baptized one grown person and twelve children. Later on, in September and October, I had seven Baptisms at Prince Arthur's Landing, six of which were of infants. I have cause to thank the Sacred Hearts of Jesus and Mary, as also the great St. Joseph, my patron, for the success of my feeble efforts, and to hope for fresh favors in the time to come.

My humble regards to all our Fathers, and my sincerest good wishes to all the Scholastics of Woodstock.

R^ae^ V^ae^ infimus in X^to^ Servus.

Jos. Specht, S. J.

JUBILEE MISSIONS IN NEBRASKA.

At the invitation of the Rt. Rev. James O'Connor, D. D., Bishop of Dibona, *i. p. i.*, and Vicar Apostolic of Nebraska, Very Rev. E. A. Higgins, Provincial of the Missouri Province, sent some Fathers of the same Province to Nebraska, for the purpose of giving Jubilee Missions in those places which the Rt. Rev. Bishop might be pleased to designate. The first to appear on this field of labor was Fr. Hillman, who arrived in Omaha from St. Louis, on Tuesday, June 7th, 1881. According to instructions received, Fr. H. went to the Rt. Rev. Bishop, to learn from him the nature and the extent of the labors, and soon found out that there was question of a very arduous task, not less than twenty-five Missions being expected to be given between June 19th and Dec. 31st. He informed Very Rev. Fr. Provincial of the extent and the nature of the work mapped out for the Fathers. The answer was that he should open on Sunday, June 19th, and that reënforcements would be sent as soon as possible. Accordingly, a Jubilee Mission, or rather triduum, was announced in St. Philomena's, the Cathedral in Omaha, this church being the first on the list.

ST. PHILOMENA'S, OMAHA.—On June 19th, the second Sunday after Pentecost, Fr. Hillman opened the triduum at High Mass, at which there was but a middling attendance. The exercises of the triduum were: at 5 A. M., Mass and instruction; at 8 A. M., Mass and sermon; at 3 P. M., stations; at 7.30 P. M., beads, sermon and benediction. The attendance at the various exercises of the triduum was very slim. The excessive heat may be assigned as one reason why such meagre crowds followed the exercises, but another and more telling reason was that the triduum had not been properly announced, all the attention and energies of the clergymen, then in charge of the Cathedral parish, being directed towards the preparations and success of a fair and festival for the benefit of the Cathedral Church and school, which was held about that time. Hence, the larger portion of the parishioners, especially those of the working classes, who above all others should have been benefited by the triduum, did not even so much as know that a triduum was being given in the Cathedral. Fr. Hillman stood alone before the work until Monday evening, when Frs. Shultz and Rose arrived from the East, and gave valuable assistance on Tuesday and Wednesday. The triduum was concluded on Wednesday. The number of Communions was 350; a number which ought to have been three times as large. The Fathers left the Bishop's residence on Thursday, and went to Creighton College, where Father Rose remained until joined by his companion, Fr. Bouige, who arrived on Tuesday evening, June 28th, the night of Creighton College exhibition. Frs. Shultz and Hillman left Omaha on June 25th for Plattsmouth, the second place on the list of missions.[1]

PLATTSMORTH, CASS CO.—Plattsmouth, a little city with five thousand inhabitants, is situated at the confluence of the Platte and Missouri Rivers. An elegant iron railroad bridge spans the latter river at this place, and is owned by the Burlington and Missouri Railroad, an important factor

[1] Frs. Bouige and Rose gave Missions in Evanston, Rawlins, Laramie City and Cheyenne, all situated in Wyoming Territory; but no report having been handed in, further particulars cannot be given.

in the Chicago, Burlington and Quincy railroad system. The car shops of the B. and M. R. R. are situated in this place, and give employment to the larger portion of the inhabitants. The new Catholic Church is a fine brick structure, and is out of debt, owing mainly to the generosity of Mr. and Mrs. John Fitzgerald, who are at present living in Lincoln, the capital of Nebraska. The exercises of the Mission, which was opened on Sunday, June 26th, were at the same hours as in the Cathedral of Omaha. Rev. Fr. Lynch, the pastor, was absent when the Fathers arrived, and did not return until the Monday following. The heat was excessive, the thermometer being high up in the nineties. Notwithstanding this terrible heat, the attendance was pretty satisfactory both morning and evening. On Thursday afternoon an awful storm passed over the city. This cooled off the atmosphere, but made it necessary to dispense with the evening service on that day. Some time previous to the coming of the Fathers, a certain man, calling himself Doctor O'Leary, and hailing from Boston, Mass., had visited Plattsmouth, and had delivered a course of infidel and materialistic lectures. This visit of Dr. O'Leary gave rise to the following incident: A gentleman, who claims a distant relationship with the Rt. Rev. Bishop, had been invited to attend the Mission. He did not attend any of the exercises, but paid the Fathers a visit at the pastoral residence. During the conversation it soon became evident that he was imbued with the false and pernicious maxims advocated by Dr. O'Leary, and that he wished to enter into a discussion with the Fathers, probably to strengthen himself in these false notions, hoping by his glib tongue to get the better of the argument. One of the Fathers, knowing what he was driving at, made the remark that it was his honest conviction that there would be very little or no infidelity in the land, if it were not for the Sixth and Seventh Commandments of the Decalogue. This remark seemed to come home pretty closely, for the gentleman left us a few minutes after, and did not trouble us with another visit.

Although the original plan was to conclude the Mission on Thursday, yet, yielding to the earnest entreaty of the

Pastor, the Fathers agreed that one should remain in Plattsmouth over Sunday. Fr. Hillman left for Nebraska City on Saturday, July 2d; Fr. Shultz completed the Mission in Plattsmouth on Sunday evening, July 3d. The Mission gave very consoling results; the number of Communions reached two hundred, and many old sinners were reclaimed. The Rt. Rev. Bishop had ordered the Fathers to refuse absolution to persons who had been married before a Protestant minister or a squire, until satisfaction for the scandal caused by such marriages had been made. A lady in Plattsmouth had been married to a Protestant before the squire; during the Mission she repented of her sin, and requested one of the Fathers to ask in her name pardon of the congregation for the scandal given. He complied with her request, and from the altar, and in the presence of a large congregation, mentioned the name of the lady and asked pardon for what had happened. This announcement made a deep impression, and, according to the statement of the Rev. Pastor, broke up several engagements between Catholic ladies and Protestant or infidel young men.

Nebraska City, Otoe Co.—Having left Plattsmouth in the morning at seven o'clock, after various and tedious delays, and two or three changes of cars, Fr. Hillman reached Nebraska City at about one P. M., on Saturday, July 2nd, the day on which the fatal shot was fired at President Garfield. Nebraska City numbers a little over five thousand inhabitants. It is a city of some pretensions; at least, its main street compares favorably with the business streets of any of Nebraska's cities. At one time, they claim, it was the largest town in Nebraska; but it is now far behind Omaha and Lincoln. There are two Catholic Churches in the town—one for the German, the other for the English-speaking Catholics. The latter is perhaps the finest church in the city; it was formerly a Christian or Campbellite Church, is built of brick, and must have cost nearly twelve thousand dollars. The Catholics bought it at auction for the astonishingly low sum of eleven hundred and fifty dollars. The frame building, the lower floor of which used to

serve as a church, the upper floor as the pastor's residence, has been converted into a parochial school. The Mission was opened on July 3d, after High Mass; the exercises were the same as those announced in the two preceding Missions, with the only difference that the evening service was at 8 P. M. The Episcopalians have in this place a college or seminary, which will soon be transferred to Omaha. Three of the professors and two preachers were present at the first evening exercise. On Monday, about noon, Fr. Shultz, accompanied by Rev. Fr. Lynch, arrived at Nebraska City. The exercises, especially those at 8 A. M. and 8 P. M., were pretty well attended, many of the Germans availing themselves of this opportunity to make the Jubilee. With the permission of the authorities, Rev. Fr. Cusson, the pastor, rang the fire bell half an hour before evening service. During the Mission one hundred and fifty Communions were distributed, and if harvest, etc., had not kept many farmers from coming into town, a much larger number might have been expected. Mixed marriages have done immense harm to Catholicity in this locality, and it is with good reason that the Rt. Rev. Bishop is so strict with regard to granting dispensation for such marriages. The Mission was concluded on Thursday evening. On the following day the Fathers paid a visit to the Academy of the Benedictine Sisters, and to Rev. Fr. Thomas Bartl, O. S. B., whom they found lodged in a poor miserable shanty. The German Catholic Church, of which he has charge, is a very neat brick building, but its location is certainly not the most desirable; and this is the case with many of the Catholic Churches, or rather chapels, in this part of the country. On Saturday morning, July 9th, the Fathers left Nebraska City, and arrived in the evening of the same day at Rulo, where the next Mission was to be given.

RULO, RICHARDSON CO.—Rulo, a corruption of *Rouleau*, the name of the founder of the place, is one of the oldest towns west of the Missouri River, and is situated in the southeast corner of the State, near the point where the State-lines of Missouri, Kansas and Nebraska meet. From

a once lively and flourishing town it has dwindled down to a village with about nine hundred inhabitants. The Catholic population are not remarkable for their piety, owing no doubt to the troubles and disagreements arising between the Irish, the French and the Germans, these three nationalities being about equally strong; as also to the many scandals given here by some unfortunate priests. There seems to be more union and good feeling at present, owing principally to the amiable and conciliatory character of the Pastor, Rev. Fr. Bushman. The Mission was opened during High Mass. Before the sermon the Father made a few remarks on the evil consequences of mixed marriages, and asked pardon of the large congregation present for the scandal given in the name of a young lady, who had lately been married to a Protestant before the squire; but who now, repenting of her sin, wished to be reconciled to God and the Church. The announcement gave great satisfaction to the Catholics, who had been scandalized by the occurrence, and several young ladies were induced to break off their engagements to Protestant or infidel young men. The attendance was pretty satisfactory, but on account of the harvest many did not attend, who under more favorable circumstances would gladly have followed the exercises of the Mission. The number of Communions distributed was two hundred and forty-seven. From Rulo the Fathers traveled to Table Rock, where they arrived on Saturday, July 16th.

Table Rock, Pawnee Co.—Table Rock is a little town situated on the Atchison and Nebraska division of the Burlington and Missouri Railroad. Among the Catholics of the town and the surrounding country, only a few Irish and German families are to be found; the majority are Bohemians by birth or extraction. The Bohemians, at least those who have migrated to the State of Nebraska, and their offspring, are not at all remarkable for deep-rooted faith, or even middling religious fervor. And this explains the wonderfully meagre results of the Mission. Rev. Father Rausch, the priest in charge of Table Rock and Missions,

had sent a postal to the Rev. Bushman, whilst the Fathers were in Rulo, requesting him to send with them various things needed during the Mission. Rev. Bushman complied with the request, and sent everything he asked for, but since he forgot to mention on his postal that he would need a chalice, the Fathers found to their dismay on arriving at Table Rock that there was but one chalice, which Rev. Rausch had intended to take to Plum Creek, one of his outlying missions. Since, however, the Mission had been announced for Table Rock, he left the chalice with the Fathers, and set out for Plum Creek, without a chalice, thus depriving himself and the people there of Mass on the next day, a Sunday. To make up for that loss, the Fathers promised that one of them would go to Plum Creek on Tuesday, and stay there until Friday. The Mission was opened on Sunday in the presence of a small congregation, which, however, was the largest audience that ever attended any of the exercises of the Mission. Besides the indifference of the Bohemian Catholics, the want of comfort in the Church (there being but two or three benches), the heat, the dust, and harvest-time accounted for the small numbers attending the Mission. One of the Fathers stopped with Mr. Lane, a Protestant, living next to the church, and was treated very cleverly. The other Father had to go to Mr. Hoffmann, a Luxemburg Catholic, living about a mile away from the church. Rev. Rausch returned from Plum Creek on Monday, went to Rulo that same day, and brought a chalice with him on Tuesday morning, thus enabling the Fathers to have Mass both at Table Rock and at Plum Creek. Rev. Fr. Cyrillus Augustinsky, a Franciscan, from Columbus, Nebraska, arrived on Tuesday afternoon for the benefit of the Bohemians, to whom his coming had been previously announced. So great, however, was the fervor of the Bohemians, that but one came to confession, and he could as well have made his confession in German. The number of Communions distributed in this place was thirty-five. On Friday morning Fr. Rausch left for Omaha to join his fellow priests in the retreat, which had commenced

on the preceding Wednesday at Creighton College, under the direction of Fr. A. Van Hulst, of Chicago. Rev. Fr. Cyrillus returned to Columbus, and Fr. Shultz went to Tecumseh, where a Mission was to be opened on the Sunday following, July 24th.

Plum Creek, Pawnee Co.—As stated above, one of the Fathers, viz: Fr. Hillman, left Tuesday, July 19th, for Plum Creek. In order to reach this Irish-Catholic settlement, he had to travel eight miles in a hack, as they called it, which runs between Table Rock and Pawnee City, the county seat of Pawnee County. There, a farmer from Plum Creek settlement met him with a lumber-wagon, which was to carry him about thirteen miles further into the country. It was nearly 10 P. M., when, dusty and sore in every limb, he arrived at the house of Mr. Patrick Kane, who offered him such hospitality as a newly-settled country can afford. The exercises of the little Mission were held in the school-house of the district, a small frame building, and were continued until Friday morning. Besides the few families of the settlement, some men, who were working on the new railroad in the neighborhood attended the Mission. Thirty-five Communions were distributed. Fr. Hillman left on Friday morning, and joined Fr. Shultz in Tecumseh on Saturday morning.

Tecumseh, Johnson Co.—Tecumseh, the county seat of Johnson County, a town with nearly two thousand inhabitants, is situated on the Atchison and Nebraska Railroad. Only a few Catholic families live in town; the majority of the congregation are farmers living from three to fifteen miles from town. Hence the Pastor, Rev. Fr. McNally, suggested to have the exercises in the forenoon only. The Fathers acted upon this suggestion, and announced Masses at seven, eight and ten o'clock. Sermons were preached after the eight and ten o'clock Masses, and no services were held in the afternoon or evening. The pastoral residence is a neat, commodious, two-story frame building; but the church (if we may call it one) is a rickety old shanty, which can accommodate but one-fourth of the congregation. A

fine brick church, forty by seventy feet, is now under way, and, if the parishioners show themselves liberal, will be finished next summer. On the same block on which the Catholic Church and residence are located, there are three other churches—a Campbellite, a Presbyterian and an Episcopalian church. In consequence of this the neighborhood was quite lively on Sunday morning and evening. Although many old sinners were reclaimed, and the Fathers could not complain of the attendance, yet not one half of the congregation came to the Mission, owing to the excessive heat and to the fact that all hands and teams were needed for the harvest. Only one hundred and twenty-six Communions were distributed. On Friday the Fathers returned to Omaha with the intention of taking a few days' rest, and of resuming labors on the first Sunday in August.

Change of programme.

Considering the excessive heat that prevailed about the end of July and the beginning of August, and fearing lest the four Fathers engaged in mission work in Nebraska and Wyoming might injure their health and become unfit for future labors, our Very Rev. Father Provincial sent a letter which was received on the 3d of August, ordering Father Shultz to return to Chicago, Fr. Rose to go to St. Louis, and Fr. Bouige to report in Cincinnati. Fr. Hillman was to remain in Omaha, and not to resume missionary labors until further orders. In consequence of this order, several priests and congregations were disappointed, and it became impossible to follow the original list of missions. When, therefore, two weeks later, leave was given to resume labor, Fr. Hillman requested the Rt. Rev. Bishop to alter the original list in such a manner that it would be possible to get through with the missions before New Year. This done, he set to work and wrote about a score of letters, informing various priests whether or when they would have a Mission. Now he had to stand all alone before the work, viz: fifteen or sixteen missions. In places, however, where

German and Bohemian preaching would be necessary, he could call upon Father Türk, who belongs to the Austrian Province, has spent many years in Bohemia, and speaks the German and Bohemian languages fluently. He was sent to this Vicariate by our Very Rev. Father General for the benefit especially of the Bohemians, who are very numerous in some parts of the State, and who are ill-provided with priests of their nationality.

ENTERPRISE, LANCASTER CO.—This is not a town, but a settlement of forty, mostly Irish, Catholic families. It is situated nearly fourteen miles north of Lincoln, and belongs to the jurisdiction of Rev. M. A. Kennedy, pastor of the latter place. The Mission was opened on Sunday, August 28th. The exercises were: at 7 A. M., Mass; at 9 A. M., Mass and sermon; at 7.30 P. M., beads, sermon and some prayers. All the exercises were well attended, since nearly all the farmers were through with harvesting, and had leisure to follow the Mission. The fervor and excellent spirit displayed by these good people was a source of great consolation. The number of Communions distributed was one hundred and eighty-three; and many who had neglected the Sacraments for several years received Communion twice —once for their Easter duty, and again for the Jubilee. Fr. Hillman enjoyed the hospitality of Mr. Patrick Dore, a well-to-do farmer with a family of eleven children, who lives about a mile away from the church. The house of this good man was very much like a hotel during the Mission, for many farmers who came from a long distance stopped there over night. The church is a very neat frame building, and when plastered will be very comfortable. Early on Friday morning, Fr. H. left Enterprise, and returned to Lincoln in time for the train to Exeter, where the next Mission was to be given.

EXETER, FILLMORE CO.—Exeter is a little town with about six hundred inhabitants, situated on the main line of the Burlington and Missouri Railroad. The exercises were the same as in the preceding Missions, with the only difference that here Benediction was given every evening after

the sermon. The attendance at all the exercises was very good, except on Monday and Tuesday, when heavy rains prevented people from coming to church. A case of concubinage had caused great scandal in the parish; this scandal was removed during the Mission, the parties separating and approaching the Sacraments. Another couple, who had been married before the squire, repaired the scandal given by allowing the missionary to ask in their names the pardon of the congregation. These incidents caused great joy to the Rev. Pastor, Fr. Jennette, to the missionary, and, in fact, to all the Catholics of the place. On Tuesday afternoon Rev. Fr. Türk came to Exeter, and did some good work among the Bohemians of the neighborhood, promising them to begin a Mission for their benefit on Sunday, Sept. 18th. The Mission on the whole was very successful, and two hundred and twenty-seven Communions were distributed.

Sutton, Clay Co.—On Sunday, Sept. 11th, a Mission was opened in Sutton, a lively little town with about eleven hundred inhabitants, situated on the main line of the Burlington and Missouri Railroad, about twenty-two miles west of Exeter, from which place it is attended twice a month either by Rev. Fr. Jennette or his assistant, Rev. Fr. Emblem. The exercises of the Mission were well attended, especially on Sunday, Wednesday and Thursday. The members of the congregation are mostly farmers, who are reduced in circumstances, on account of the repeated failure of their crops. Two years ago the grasshoppers caused the mischief; last year, a continued drought; this year, a terrible hailstorm, which passed over Adams, Clay, and a part of Fillmore and Thayer counties. Some farmers lost this year as much as three thousand dollars. One farmer stated that from one hundred and twenty acres which he had sowed in wheat, he reaped only ten bushels. Fr. Hillman was alone until Monday, when Fr. Jennette came to assist him. For the want of better accommodation they had to stop at a hotel (the Occidental), a thing not at all desirable during a mission. Many old sinners were reclaimed, and one hun-

dred and forty-eight Communions distributed. On Friday, the day after the mission, the weather was most disagreeable; rain, hail and snow were struggling for the mastery, and the atmosphere became very moist and chilly in consequence. We hastened back to Exeter, where, within a quarter of an hour after our arrival, the stoves were put up and a blazing fire made us comfortable.

Turkey Creek, Fillmore Co.—Whilst Fr. Hillman was in Sutton, Fr. Türk was giving a Mission in Turkey Creek, a settlement of about twenty German Catholic families. The number of Communions distributed was eighty-two.

Seward, Seward Co.—On Saturday, Sept. 17th, Fr. Hillman left Exeter, and in the afternoon of that same day reached Seward, where a Mission was to be opened on Sunday, Sept. 18th. Seward, the county seat of Seward Co., a town with about twenty-five hundred inhabitants, is situated on the Big Blue River, and at the crossing of the Atchison and Nebraska, and the Nebraska division of the Burlington and Missouri R. R. The weather during the Mission was very fine, and the attendance at the exercises pretty fair, especially at the opening, on Sunday, and at the close, on Thursday evening. Rev. C. J. Quinn, the Pastor, had borrowed quite a number of chairs from Walker's Hall, since the limited number of benches in the church could not accommodate all those who attended. On Wednesday these chairs were suddenly ordered back, at the suggestion, as many suspected, of some bigoted people in town, who wished to incommode the Catholics. But chairs from other quarters were provided in sufficient numbers to accommodate at least the women and children, the men being perfectly willing to stand during the exercises. Many families did not attend the Mission; they have grown indifferent, or perhaps have lost the faith, on account of the scandals given by an unfortunate priest, the predecessor of Rev. Father Quinn. The missionary stopped at the residence of the pastor, but had to go for his meals to a neighboring hotel, "the Commercial." During the Mission one hundred and thirty-two communions were distributed, and several negli-

gent Catholics aroused to new fervor. On Friday, Fr. Hillman returned to Omaha, there to assist Rev. Fr. Damen, the veteran missionary, about to open a Mission in the Holy Family Church, on Sunday, Sept. 25th.

From Sunday, Sept. 18th, until the Thursday following, Fr. Türk gave a Mission to a Bohemian settlement, about ten miles south of Exeter. He distributed sixty Communions, and baptized twelve children. But because several families could not attend on account of its being the threshing season, he promised to return in October. On Friday he left Exeter and went to Omaha, to prepare himself for future labors.

York, York Co.—On Sunday, October 2nd, a Mission was opened in York, which is visited once a month by Rev. C. J. Quinn, pastor of Seward. York, the county seat of York Co., a little town with nearly thirteen hundred inhabitants, is situated on the Nebraska Division of the Burlington and Missouri R. R. Fathers Quinn and Hillman stopped at the Commercial Hotel. Among the guests were several traveling agents, who behaved themselves in a most disgraceful manner; and the Fathers firmly resolved, that if ever afterwards they should have to stop over night in York, they would not favor the Commercial Hotel. The weather was very unfavorable; rain set in early in the afternoon on Monday, and continued until Wednesday evening. The roads were rendered literally impassable. Very few families attended the Mission in consequence, and only sixty-nine Communions were distributed. Still greater harm than even in Seward was done here to the faith and morals of the people by the scandalous conduct of the unfortunate priest referred to above. On Friday Father Hillman returned to Omaha to enjoy a few days' rest after six weeks of continual labor.

THE "CATHOLIC SEMINARY," WASHINGTON.

An old landmark of Washington, the *Seminary* building on F Street, has lately disappeared. A local newspaper gives the following particulars of its history:—

"Workmen are engaged in demolishing the old F Street Seminary, the cradle, as it were, of Gonzaga College. Since the year 1820, about which time the building was erected, the Seminary structure has been one of the landmarks of Washington. But the progress of business in that section of the city demands the space and houses more suitable for its purposes, and the old seat of learning must go. The older citizens of Washington will have their reminiscences awakened by the change in what to them was a familiar spot, and by the disappearance of a building within the halls of which many of them were educated.

"The Jesuits, who were the founders of the Seminary, intended the building for use as their novitiate, but the original plan was changed, for a school was opened there under the presidency of Father Kohlmann, and afterwards of Father Keiley. . . . . The Seminary was very prosperous, the students being more numerous than those of Georgetown College. But about this period—possibly in order to concentrate their labors and energy on Georgetown College—the founders broke up the institution. Father Keiley disconnected himself from the Order, and removed his scholars to the Old Capitol, where the school soon became extinct, doubtless for lack of teachers. Meanwhile the Seminary building was occupied by the Sisters of Charity; afterward (the front part) by Rev. John Donnellan, while school was taught in the rear by Dr. Philip Smith, who was succeeded by Michael Shyne.

"In October, 1848, the Jesuits reopened the schools under Father Blox as president. Fathers Lynch and Fulton were teachers. The other presidents were FF. Barber, DeNecker, Villiger and Stonestreet. It was during the rectorship of the last named that the Seminary was elevated into Gonzaga College. The presidents of the newly-created college were Revs. W. F. Clarke, B. F. Wiget, Charles H. Stonestreet (the second) and James Clark.

"Under the presidency of Rev. James Clark, the schools were removed from F Street to the vicinity of St. Aloysius',

presumably for the convenience of visiting that church. The effect of its removal, however, was disastrous so far as the attendance of scholars was concerned. The number of pupils dwindled considerably, and it is only of late that an improvement in this respect has been noted.

"Since the establishment of Gonzaga College in its present locality, the F Street building has been let to various occupants. It was long ago foreseen that the time would come when the needs of business would require the substitution of other houses. That time has now come, and soon the old Seminary, with all its associations, will be no more."

Father Grassi, in a book descriptive of America, printed at Milan in 1818, mentions "a house near St. Patrick's Church, erected by the Jesuits for the education of youth." It was occupied for three years (1820–23) by the students of theology. Fr. Anthony Kohlmann, Superior of the Mission, resided here, and taught theology; it was here that he wrote his learned refutation of Unitarianism. His zeal was aroused by the efforts of Jared Sparks to introduce into Baltimore the Unitarian doctrine, which at that time was making rapid progress in New England. The work appeared in serial numbers during the years 1821–1822, and was afterwards published in two volumes; its treatment of the subject was considered so complete and masterly that for years the work used to be read in the refectory of St. Mary's Seminary, Baltimore.

The manuscript catalogue of the Mission gives the following *status* of the Seminary for the year 1821:—

DOMUS WASHINGTONIANA.

R. P. Antonius Kohlmann, Sup. Miss., Rect. domus, Prof. Theol. Dogm.

P. Maximilianus Rantzau, Soc. et Adm. R. P. Sup., Prof. theol. mor., Præs. coll. cas. consc., Conf. schol.

AUDITORES THEOLOGIÆ.

Anno Tertio.

Virgilius Horatius Barber,

Stephanus Larigaudelle Dubuisson,
Germanus Sannen.

Anno Secundo.

Josephus Schneller,
Petrus Walsh.

Anno Primo.

Thomas Finigan,
Jeremias Keiley,
Aloysius Mudd,
Joannes Smith.

COADJUTORES.

Jacobus Fenwick, Disp., Proc. dom.
Patritius Laughlin, Coq.
Gulielmus Taylor, Fab. Lign.

PP. 2.—Schol. 9.—Coadj. 3.—Univ. 14.

In 1822, three scholastics were teaching grammar classes.

In 1823, of the ten resident students of theology, nine were teaching classes.

In 1824–5, Father Adam Marshall was Superior; there were no students of Ours at the Seminary. The theologians were at Rome and St. Louis.

In 1826, Fr. Keiley was Superior, and in 1827 it is added after his name: *Oper. ad eccles. Sti. Patricii* (*cujus Præses æque ac Seminarii est R. D. Gulielmus Matthews, Repræs. Corporat.*).

In 1828: *Seminarium Washingtonianum, propter defectum sustentationis Instituto nostro conformis, initio hujus anni Scholastici suppressum est.*

OBITUARY.

Father George Ignatius Strong.

Father George Ignatius Strong was born on the 29th of August, 1837, in Philadelphia, and there he passed his boyhood. He was one of the first students of St. Joseph's College, which, though humble in its literary pretensions, and attracting little attention to its unostentatious work, has deserved well of the Society for the many vocations it has fostered. On the 13th of July, 1854, he entered the Novitiate at Frederick, where he remained until the autumn of 1857, when he was sent to Georgetown to perform the duties of teacher.

After six years of teaching, Fr. Strong, at the age of twenty-six, began his philosophy at Georgetown; for Woodstock, at that time, was a thing of the future. In 1869, he was ordained in Baltimore by Archbishop Spalding, and in the following year, after completing his studies, he was sent to Loyola College, Baltimore, to fill the office of subminister, and to be professor of the natural sciences; for, as a mathematician and general scientist, Fr. Strong's acquirements were high. In 1871, he was sent to Georgetown as professor of physics and chemistry, and after the third year of probation, he was appointed, in 1875 to teach the natural sciences at Holy Cross College. On the 15th of August, 1876, he took his last vows, at Trinity Church, Georgetown. In 1878, he was appointed one of the missionaries, who, under Fr. Maguire, as Superior, formed a band devoted exclusively to giving retreats to the faithful through the villages, towns and cities of the country. The constant demand for these missionaries leaves no time for leisure. Their life is not a life of ease; it requires excessive travel; the missionary rises early, and goes to bed late, and the hours from rising to rest are hours of ceaseless and exhausting labor in pulpit and confessional.

Fr. Strong's constitution was never of the most robust. From time to time he suffered from various annoying ailments; yet the trials of a missionary seemed to make no serious inroads on his health, until after a most wearying mission given in 1881 at Pittsburg, in the midst of an exceptionally severe winter. The church at which the Mission was given was at a distance from the pastor's residence, and, after preaching and hearing confessions in a cold church, he was obliged to return through fierce winter winds to a cold and cheerless residence. This shattered a constitution which was always infirm, and, when he came back to the headquarters of the Mission, at St. Mary's Church, Boston, it was evident to all that his health had received a severe shock. However, he rallied for a time, but about Easter he began to fail perceptibly, so that it was thought prudent to relieve him of all missionary work. On the 10th of July, he was removed to the Carney Hospital, in order that he might have the care of trained and devoted nurses. Yet he became worse so rapidly, that on the 19th of July he was given the last Sacraments. About the month of September he had so far recovered as to bear removal into the air for several hours every day, and for about three weeks he showed signs of returning health; yet it was clear to all, who were acquainted with the nature of his malady, that complete restoration was hopeless. After about three weeks, he began to fail again, and, on the 23d of November, having fully recovered the use of his senses, and strengthened with all the consolations of religion, he passed away. During his sickness his sufferings from dropsy and rheumatism were often intense, yet he showed great patience, and in this and a hundred other little acts of virtue, he was a subject of edification to the Sisters who nursed, and to all who visited him.

As a missionary he was remarkably zealous, and, with truth may it be said that he shortened his life by the labors undergone since he was appointed to this duty. In proof of this, we have but to recall the facts above cited. Besides, the retreats which he gave to convents during the hot months

of vacation, when he was physically unfit for the work, were causes of much suffering, especially for the last three years of his life. The scores of converts he received into the Church, and the thousands of the faithful whose confessions he heard, or whom he reclaimed from the ways of sin, are witnesses to the zeal he had for the salvation of souls. He was a forcible preacher, and his sermons were highly spoken of by those who heard him. He was of an ardent temperament, and consequently was at times impetuous, and, perhaps, over-sensitive; however, he quickly forgave and forgot. Thus, in a few words, can his years be numbered and his actions told. Did we but know them as He who knows the heart, it might take more time and space; but these few words we may say rather for our own edification than for the praise of Fr. Strong, who now is beyond it. May his years in Heaven be unnumbered, and his actions told for eternity. R. I. P.

Mr. James Power.

Mr. James Power died of cerebral meningitis at the scholasticate of Woodstock, on the 4th of October, 1881. Although he had been only four years in religion, he was already ripe for heaven. He was born in the parish of Bree, Co. Wexford, Ireland, on the 16th of April, 1848. In the world he had led a pious life, and had made a vow of perpetual chastity, which he solemnly renewed each year; but desirous of rendering himself more pleasing to God, he determined on joining the Society of Jesus. Not having received a classical education, and having already attained his 24th year, he was admitted into the Novitiate of Milltown Park, in 1874, as a novice-coadjutor, for the Irish Province. But his master of novices, discovering his rare talent and sound judgment, advised him to leave the Novitiate and apply himself to study. It was only at the urgent request of his master of novices and with the advice of the Provincial, who told him that he could thus better procure

the glory of God, that he decided on commencing to study; he had found peace and happiness in religion, and was content to pass his life as the servant of his brethren.

At the age of twenty-seven, he found himself once more on the benches as a schoolboy, beginning the Latin grammar; but his strength of will and the fertility of his mind soon enabled him to overcome all difficulties, and in two years he justified the hopes of his master of Novices, and again applied for admission into the Society. Just at that time, Rev. Fr. Lonergan was on a visit to Ireland for the purpose of procuring postulants for the New Orleans Mission, and having requested Rev. Fr. Walsh, then Provincial, to recommend him some suitable subjects, Fr. Walsh told him to accept Mr. Power, that he knew no one more suitable or with higher qualifications. Mr. Power was accordingly accepted and sent to France for his noviceship, and reached Clermont on the 12th of August, 1877. The usual trials presented no difficulties to the new novice; he had already learned and realised what the religious life meant. He was extremely devout to St. Joseph, and all his writings were dedicated to that Saint, through whose intercession, doubtless, he obtained such a happy death. When the Novitiate was closed at Clermont, he was sent to Lons-le-Saulnier (Jura), where he took his vows on the feast of the Assumption, 1879. The September following he came to Woodstock for his philosophy. He soon showed that he was gifted with extraordinary talent for philosophical studies, and the brightest hopes were entertained for his future success; all thought that he would prove a most useful member of the Society, but, as he remarked a few days previous to his death:

"God knows best; I hoped to be able to serve the Society, but perhaps I will do more in heaven for our poor Mission than I could do if I should live."

During vacations he went to Georgetown College for a special course of Chemistry, as he was anxious to become as perfect as possible in all branches of science. Soon after his return, he complained of pain in the ear, but being usu-

ally of a healthy constitution, he did not heed it for several days. Finding that the pain continued, he returned to Washington, on the 5th of Sept., to consult a physician, under whose treatment he remained until the 24th, when he came back to Woodstock, apparently cured. The following day, Sunday, he complained of fever and of being very tired, but his malady was not considered serious until Friday afternoon, when he suddenly became delirious; he soon, however, recovered the use of his senses, but it was easy to see that he was fast sinking. Saturday evening he asked for and received the last Sacraments; as he had been up during the day, he wished to be allowed to kneel on the floor to receive the Blessed Sacrament, but the infirmarian having told him that it would be too fatiguing, he smiled and said: "Very well, Brother, I will do whatever you tell me." After receiving the Holy Viaticum, he remained for a long time in prayer, then turning to one of the scholastics who was with him, he said: "Good-by, good-by, I have only a few hours more to wait. I had prayed not to die until I had received again my Saviour. I am now happy. I have obtained from the Blessed Virgin all I asked. I ask for nothing more. I die in the Society of Jesus." He passed the night quietly, and next morning, when told that it was the feast of the Holy Rosary, he asked for his beads, which he recited with the greatest fervor. He still lingered for two days, edifying all who visited him by his patience and resignation to the Divine Will. On Tuesday, October 4th, he became worse; he was constantly occupied in prayer, and from time to time would repeat: "O my Jesus, accept the sacrifice of my life; I willingly offer it to Thee; and grant to all my brothers the grace of perseverance in their holy vocation." At 2 P. M. the community assembled in his room, when he asked pardon for all the faults he had committed, and took part in the responses of the prayers for the dying. He then entered into his agony, if, indeed, it could be called an agony; it was more like a sweet sleep. At three o'clock, still breathing the words, "My Jesus, have mercy on me," he expired. Those who had witnessed his

holy death went away edified, strengthened in their vocation, and confirmed in their belief that death in the Society of Jesus is a pledge of predestination.

Mr. William Roche.

Mr. William Roche died of congestion of the brain at the College of the Immaculate Conception, New Orleans, on the 15th of October, 1881. His death was sudden, but not unprovided. Feeling unwell after his morning class, he lay down, hoping that, after a little rest, he would be able to teach in the afternoon as usual, but when the hour for class came he was found to be unconscious. The doctors, who were at once summoned, could give him no assistance. He received the Sacrament of Extreme Unction, and a few hours afterwards expired. Mr. Roche was a native of Cork, Ireland, and was born on the 12th of June, 1853. He was educated at St. Colman's College, in his native diocese, and desiring to labor for the salvation of souls, he entered the Ecclesiastical College of Carlow for the diocese of Auckland, New Zealand. Towards the close of his second year at Carlow, he felt himself called to the religious life, and entered the Novitiate of Clermont, for the Mission of New Orleans, on the 23rd of September, 1875. In the Novitiate he was admired by all for his charity and his winning manners. After his noviceship he was sent to Vals for his philosophy, where he distinguished himself especially in mathematics, for which he showed remarkable talent even when a boy at St. Colman's. But he still more distinguished himself in the scholasticate by his constant spirit of abnegation and fraternal charity. He was ever desirous of suffering any pain by which he might be able to prevent or relieve that of others. One little trait will give us an idea of this. On vacation days the scholastics went early in the morning to the villa, but as there were very many priests in the house, some scholastics were obliged to remain after the others in order to serve Mass. Mr. Roche, seeking to relieve some of those who were to remain, would ask them

to allow him to replace them; they, not knowing that he had already asked others, would freely grant his request; and so it happened that on each vacation day, for a long time, he would serve four or five Masses in succession, until at last it became known to the Superiors, who forbade him to do it. Whenever any one wanted a helping hand, he would turn to Mr. Roche, who was esteemed and loved by both professors and companions, and were it not for the sad blow which sent so many Jesuits into exile, he would be long remembered in the scholasticate of Vals. He came to this country in 1879, and was stationed for a year at St. Charles' College, Grand Coteau. The following year he taught physics and chemistry in New Orleans, and he had just commenced his third year with the same class. His devotedness and kindness made him beloved by his pupils. The virtues of abnegation and charity, for which he was so remarkable in the scholasticate, shone with fresh lustre in his new sphere. His whole life may be summed up in the words of one who had been his companion for many years: "I have known him as a schoolboy, I have known him as a novice, I have known him as a scholastic, and during all that time his life seemed to have been guided by the motto: 'Be willing to suffer all things, that others may be spared all suffering.' "

MISSIONARY LABORS OF FATHER MAGUIRE AND COMPANIONS,

FROM THE MIDDLE OF JULY TO DECEMBER 26TH.

The missionaries spent the summer as usual in giving Retreats to Priests and Sisters in various parts of the country, and in providing for their own spiritual necessities. This work of giving the exercises to the various religious communities increases every year, and becomes tiresome in hot weather for those who need rest after the severe labors of the Missions or the class-room. However, much good is

done, and the selection of Our Fathers for this important work is an evidence of the good will of the Bishops of the country towards our Society. Although we suspend the work of the Missions during July and August, still this year, on account of the Jubilee and the many demands in different places, some of the Fathers were working even during the heat of the summer. Missions were given in Charles Co., Md., by Fr. Finnegan with much advantage to the people. In St. Mary's County, Fr. McHugh and others gave the Jubilee in the various congregations attended by Ours, with great advantage to the Catholics of this part of Maryland. Fathers Finnegan and Reid, the former of whom is one of the Missionary band, gave a successful Mission in Holmesburg, near Philadelphia. Father Maguire and Fr. Langlois labored for a week in Claremont, New Hampshire, commencing on the 14th of August. As the congregation is composed of French and English speaking people, the sermons and instructions were in both languages.

From four o'clock in the morning till eleven at night the church was filled with the good people of the town and country, some of whom came ten and twenty miles to gain the blessings of the Jubilee and Mission. Many old sinners, who had not been to confession for twenty and thirty years, made their peace with God. Quite a large number of Protestants came every night. More than one thousand received Communion. Claremont has the oldest Catholic Church in the State, which was built in 1823 by Fr. Virgil H. Barber of our Society. The church and pastoral residence are still standing, though neglected, and, I think, still belong to the Society. In connection with the Church, Father Barber had a school, and I found that some of the leading men of the place had been educated by him.

The conversion of the Barber family, which took place in Claremont, in 1816, is one of the most remarkable facts and prodigies of grace in the history of this country. In his opening sermon, Fr. Maguire alluded to the fact, and also informed the congregation that he had often heard Fr. Barber speaking about Claremont when he was a scholar of

his in Frederick City, Md., forty-seven years ago. The next day several Protestant gentlemen called to make inquiries about the family, and informed the Fathers that they remembered Fr. Barber first as a Protestant minister, and afterwards as a Catholic Priest in this town of Claremont. All spoke in the kindest manner of him and of the family. One of these gentlemen allowed me to read a small volume of tracts, letters and sermons which he valued highly, printed in Washington City by Daniel Barber, the father of Virgil Horace, and the first of the family to receive the gift of faith. In this volume I found many interesting facts, the reasons of his conversion, and his last sermon to his Protestant people, when about to enter the Catholic Church. He gives the motives of his conversion, and concludes his sermon in these words: "I now retire to the shades of poverty; may the faults which I have committed while among you be written on the sands of the sea-shore, that the next returning wave may wash them into oblivion." He spent his time in writing and distributing tracts in various parts of the country. Many of the letters in the book were written from St. Inigoes, in St. Mary's County, Md., where he enjoyed the hospitality and friendship of many of the old families, whose names are given in this book. I saw these letters and tracts, and many interesting facts connected with the conversion of the family in Georgetown College library, forty years ago. They would form an interesting page in the future history of our Province.

Father Virgil Horace Barber, soon after his conversion, actuated by the highest religious motives, and by the advice of his spiritual director, and with the full and free consent of his wife, determined to enter our Society, and become a priest. He was sent to Rome, where he made the necessary studies, while the wife entered the Visitation Convent in Georgetown. Subsequently she went to St. Louis with other Sisters to form a new foundation. She died a very holy religious a few years ago. Her two daughters also became religious, one entering among the Ursulines in Canada, the other with her mother in the Visitation Con-

vent of Georgetown. The other child, young Samuel, was taken by the Fathers in Georgetown College. He was afterwards sent to Rome, where he finished his course with honor, and gave great promise of a holy life in the Society. He was for many years Master of Novices in Frederick, Rector of the College in Washington City, Professor in Georgetown College, and died a few years ago at St. Thomas', Charles Co., Md. His father, Virgil H. Barber, after laboring in Claremont, building the church and school, making excursions to the scattered Catholics in Maine, New Hampshire and Vermont, was engaged in teaching in our Colleges in Georgetown and Frederick, and finally ended his career by a holy death in Georgetown College, March 27th, 1847.

The only remaining member of this remarkable family is the Visitation Nun, still living in the Convent of St. Louis. Many conversions followed in consequence of the preaching and example of the Barbers. The sister of Daniel Barber, Mrs. Tyler, and her family, came into the Church about this time, and to their conversion the diocese of Hartford became indebted for its first Bishop, Rt. Rev. Wm. Tyler. Notwithstanding all this, there is great prejudice in New Hampshire against our holy religion, and this is the only State in the Union in which a Catholic can not hold any civil office. Though the law has been repealed, prejudice is still too strong.

St. Patrick's Church, Jersey City.—It was thought the summer was over, but the Fathers who took part in the Mission in Jersey City were soon convinced of the contrary, if not by the high figures of the thermometer, at least by the swarms of mosquitoes that day and night claimed their attention. At Mass, in the Confessional, in recreation—everywhere, these pests were at hand; and what is more, were so perseveringly industrious and so silent withal in their work, that one felt like giving up in despair. Jersey City was not certainly an attractive place in September. With the heat and mosquitoes was to be considered

the malaria arising from the marshes about the place, to supply the inhabitants with their autumnal chills, and to do the same kind office for any stranger who might be tarrying there. Autumnal chills? Chills and other developments of malaria seem to have no regard for seasons in Jersey; they keep their grim hold all the time. If a man escape malaria, he has to contend with small-pox, and if he escape that, he has to be very careful not to lose his life in crossing the hundred railroad tracks that make Jersey City a huge depot for New York. These remarks apply to certain parts of Jersey City. Many sections of the place are quite healthy, especially those adjoining our College and Church, though the railroad tracks are a nuisance everywhere.

The Mission was well attended, notwithstanding the many drawbacks. The preacher could not but sympathize with the faithful, who were doing their best to profit by his words, even while carrying on a vigorous warfare against the mosquitoes with hand, and fan, and any other weapon obtainable at short notice. The Mission lasted from the 18th of September to October 3rd, and about twenty-five hundred persons received the Holy Eucharist. A few persons were prepared for First Communion. Towards the end of the second week, a person came to confession about four o'clock in the afternoon. To the surprise of the Father who heard the confession, the penitent wished to receive Holy Communion, having remained fasting up to that time. Such things happen now and then on the Mission, and show that there is some faith left in the world. Of course, the favor asked for was cheerfully granted.

Church of the Assumption, Philadelphia. (Oct. 9–23). —This parish was founded about thirty years ago by Very Rev. Father Carter, for a long time Vicar-General of the diocese. At that period it was looked upon as quite a venturesome thing to build a Church in this part of the city, as the native American element was very strong there. The lot on which the Church stands was a rallying-place for the

anti-Catholic thugs of the days of 1844. The last meeting held there was to arrange the plan for the burning of St. John's Church. The Church, however, did not share the same fate as its neighbors, owing, perhaps, to some hundreds of well-loaded muskets that the good people of St. John's had in store for the rioters.

The congregation of the Assumption, made up in a great measure of converts, has become large of late years. There are schools for girls, as well as for boys. The Sisters of the Holy Childhood, a colony from England, and the Christian Brothers have charge of the parish teaching.

Over four thousand persons received Holy Communion. Eleven Protestants were received into the Church; twenty-two adults were prepared for First Communion. On the Feast of the Immaculate Conception, Rev. Fr. Maguire, the leader of the missionaries, gave a lecture on "The Church and the Revised Edition of the Bible," for the benefit of the schools.

Jubilee Missions in Troy, N. Y.—Whilst Frs. Maguire, Finnegan and Morgan were engaged in giving the spiritual exercises in the churches mentioned above, Fr. Hamilton was detailed for special Jubilee work in our two churches in Troy. His labors were very successful. The people responded to his efforts in their behalf with great faith and fervor, and the Rev. Father has every reason to thank God for the blessings bestowed upon his endeavors for the spiritual advancement of the parish. The men of the two congregations under our charge are a hardy set, being engaged in the many iron foundries in this part of the city. Their faith is strong, brooking no interference from Protestants, as a certain minister well knows, who undertook to proselyte some of them. Finding out that some were of opinion that the nearest lamp-post might be used to advantage in his case, he discontinued his unwelcome visits. There were three thousand Communions during the exercises.

St. Charles Borromeo's, Philadelphia. (Oct. 30–Nov. 13).—The Fathers, from the experience had four years ago in this Church, expected hard work, and they did not miscalculate. From the first day to the end of the Mission, there was a rush for the confessionals. What, with the feast of All Saints and the Commemoration of All Souls, their time was entirely taken up from the very beginning of the week. On the second Sunday the Devotion of the Forty Hours was begun, and this brought back a goodly number of those who had already made the exercises. The men's week of the Mission was better attended than that of the women. More persons received Holy Communion. If Louis Veuillot were present, he might allow that there is some faith in the United States. Seeing here the thousands of men going to the Holy Table, and how universally it is despised by men in France, even during Missions and Jubilees, he would not sink us in the ocean; he might admit the Church would be a loser by such a catastrophe.

St. Charles' is a new parish. The Church, which was dedicated in 1876, is built of red sand-stone, and is the most beautiful, and, with the exception of the Cathedral, the most imposing one in the city. The congregation is an offshoot from old St. Patrick's, and is made up, in great part, of persons not many years married, who find here more comfortable houses and lower rents than in the older portions of the city. In fact, the whole of Philadelphia is justly styled the paradise of the poor man, not merely on account of the low rents, but also by reason of the cheap houses that are for sale everywhere. Hence, here more than in any other city in the Union, a large number of workingmen own the dwellings they live in.

The Fathers, as usual, made an announcement concerning converts to the faith—that those desiring Baptism could be instructed at a fixed time. To the surprise of all, nearly twenty persons came the first night, and this was not on account of the excitement of the Mission. Before the end of the second week, several others presented themselves. Philadelphia is always a fruitful field for conversions, though,

at the same time, there is still great prejudice against Catholicity. Most of the conversions of Protestants were brought about by mixed marriages. It is consoling to see that sometimes these detestable unions do not end so badly.

The general results were 12,000 Communions; Communions of adults prepared during the Mission, 51; Baptisms of Protestants, 25; left under instruction, 6. Here, as in the other churches in the city in which the Fathers labored, there should have been large classes for Confirmation, but owing to the feeble health of the Archbishop that Sacrament was not administered.

Paschalville, St. Clement's (Nov. 20–Dec. 4).—This town is a part of Philadelphia, which is well entitled to be called the city of "magnificent distances." Traveling from the City of Brotherly Love, one speeds away for some time, and encourages himself with the thought that he is some great distance on the way to New York. He is amazed when told he is not out of Philadelphia yet. Going south some seven or eight miles from the Pennsylvania depot, Paschalville is reached; when you make inquiries and begin to look around for the State of Delaware, you are again undeceived, when told you are still in Philadelphia. The whole of Pennsylvania seems to be Philadelphia.

Frs. Maguire and Hamilton gave the exercises for two weeks. They were much edified by the piety of the people, who came long distances, over bad roads, and in inclement weather, to hear the sermons, and this they had to do in a cold church. A great many Protestants attended the services, and a few of them received the gift of faith, and many had their prejudices removed.

The Communions were three thousand; five persons were baptized; about thirty adults were prepared for First Communion.

Jubilee Missions at St. Paul's and at the Cathedral.—Whilst Frs. Maguire and Hamilton were engaged at Paschalville, Frs. Finnegan and Morgan preached the Jubilee

in the churches above mentioned. A week was given to each congregation. It is needless to say that audiences were very large, as the congregations are very large. The churches were crowded to suffocation in the evenings, and even during the daytime there was a fine attendance at all of the services. The Vicar-General, the pastor of St. Paul's, and the venerable Archbishop at the Cathedral expressed great satisfaction with the good work done by the Fathers. The Archbishop, in speaking of the success of the Mission, said it was no wonder that Ours always do so much good, inasmuch as we follow the golden book of St. Ignatius.

There were 10,000 Communions in the two churches.

Holy Cross, New York. (Dec. 11-25).—Here, as in all of the Missions given by the Fathers, a special instruction was had every afternoon for the children, and the Papal Benediction was imparted to them at the end of their retreat. The children's confessions are generally heard the first days of the week, and thus more time is left for the grown people at the end of each week.

The parish of the Holy Cross is very high in numbers, and is, moreover, very wicked in some parts. The names of a few of the localities in its borders are significant. "Hell's Kitchen," Sebastopol" and other euphoniously styled dens have a bad name, not much inferior to that once enjoyed by the "Five Points" in former days. Judging from the confessional, it would seem that even some of the most depraved wandered to the Church, and made their peace with God, though this class most generally never bother the priest, except when they are dying. Two murders were committed within a short distance of the Church during the Mission.

The exercises were fearfully crowded every day and night. The men were more numerous than the women. At the five o'clock Mass of the men's week the Church was filled to overflowing, and one morning at this service over six hundred men received the Holy Eucharist. The men showed great eagerness to confess their sins. It was amus-

ing sometimes to see them asserting their rights, and quarreling to get into the confession box, reminding the Fathers of the anecdote told about Bishop Fenwick. A good nun at Georgetown had instructed some colored boys how to make the confession, and the good Bishop, at her request, examined them in catechism.

"What do you do when you go to confession?"

Ans. "I prays, I 'xamines my conscience, I'se monstrous sorry for my sins, and then I fights to git in."

Efforts were made here, as elsewhere, to increase the membership of the sodalities and other societies in the congregation.

The results were: Communions, 12,000; First Communions of adults, 70; Baptisms, 3; left under instruction, 7.

Missions in Charles County, Md.

I left Boston by sea, July 23, for Baltimore, to begin a Mission at St. Thomas', Charles Co., Md. After inspecting the shelf upon which I was to lie for three days, and reflecting that steamship companies know much better than we how little a man needs in this life, I strolled over to the side of the ship to watch the stevedores bring in the freight, and was very much surprised to notice that we were taking with us a large cargo of friction matches for the South—as if the Yankees had not sufficiently lit up that region some years ago. This thought, however, did not distress me much. Suppose a fire at sea from spontaneous combustion; what was the poor missioner to do, who had been helping people to make the Jubilee, and had not got on with his own? St. Paul knew nothing of his troubles until they were upon him; besides, he had the advantage to speak of them afterwards; whilst there was poor I, calmly looking at my countrymen pouring destruction down into that black gulf under my feet, and anticipating death in its worst form. I was aroused from my melancholy reflections by the waiter, who invited me to lunch, when I quickly forgot the matches. How oddly one phase of nature asserts itself over another.

This waiter was a study for me. That he was a servant in the dining-room, there could be no doubt, for there was his jacket on him, and, besides, he was actually engaged in attending to the passengers. Yet he did not look nor act like others of his class. His face was pale and intellectual, and he wore glasses. And, although he was not haughty, still there was none of the obsequiousness so frequently found in public dining-rooms. Who is he? None other than a Harvard undergraduate, working out his vacation in this humble capacity for a few dollars and some fresh air. I made his acquaintance, and found that the poor fellow practised no religion. He was very anxious to acquire knowledge. "And why?" I asked him. "To succeed in life." "And after that?" I queried. "Oh! well, you know, we don't trouble ourselves much about religion; we leave it to the divinity men." When I told him something of the life of our novices and scholastics, and of the long years of regency and study, and that it was all "Ad Majorem," he opened his thoughtful eyes in wonder, and seemed to say: "Here is something new that I have learned."

I had much to learn from him, when I remembered the drudgery, the menial offices he was obliged to perform, and saw the underlying motive which sustained him, to secure what he called success in life. He was careful, earnest and zealous in the service of a human master. It is a great thing to care much for anything, and it may be said that what makes a man is the sense that he has committed himself.

After spending a couple of hours at Norfolk to discharge part of the freight, during which time I observed that it took the blacks a longer time, and with lighter burdens, to carry out what white labor had put in, we steamed up to Baltimore. The welcome was generous and open-handed, as I always found among our Southern Fathers.

Old Father Rodriguez says that we are better off than princes, who, when traveling, must negotiate for accommodation, and pay well for it, too; whilst we find in every city a house to receive us, and charity to make us happy and

put us at our ease. If at Baltimore I was made to feel at home, so may it be said when the following evening I arrived at St. Thomas' Manor, where the Mission was to be given. I did not have to look around for the cold knob of a door-bell to gain admission, for out on the roadside was dear old Fr. Wiget the Superior, with FF. Carroll, McSwyney, Flynn, Daugherty, and Mr. Daly. *Madison*, a subdued-looking darkey, helped to give shade to the background of this cheerful picture. Then we went into the house and took a look at one another, for we had never met, except that Fr. Flynn (who kindly came down from Georgetown to work) and I were old friends. Now it was Madison's moment to come in and perform his part, which was done by silently placing a huge bunch of mint before us —a symbol, in Southern flower-language, of hospitality.

The next day, Feast of St. Ignatius, the Mission opened with a solemn High Mass and sermon. Long before the hour appointed, carriages rolled up before the Manor House, not with the pomp and dash of your city folk, but with bespattered sides and creaking joints, as if bewailing their former splendor. For one could see that the war had laid its heavy hand upon their owners. Now and again a dissolving cloud of dust would reveal some cavalier seated erect upon his high-pommeled saddle, from which hung quaint old wooden stirrups—relics, I supposed, of fiercer movements than going to Church. Before my turn had come to preach (Fr. Flynn divided the sermons with me), good Fr. Wiget innocently told me that, apart from the colored people, I would address a congregation, every one of which had been educated in college or convent. That took the heart out of me, and made me worry. I had no cathedral sermons to give—nothing but plain Mission hammerings. "Are there no hard-fisted Irishmen in your flock, who won't look cross at me for telling the truth?" I asked him imploringly. "Not one in the county, but the old blacksmith, who has not been to confession for twenty-seven years, and who is here to-day." "Then I'll preach at him," I replied.

The truth is, I need not have been at all agitated, for Fr. Wiget's people are as simple as they are good, and proved to be admirable listeners. Every one approached the Sacraments, and even the old blacksmith, who said that as the Pastor had been praying so long for him, it was only right that he should receive his submission.

The blacks formed a goodly and edifying number of the parish. It looked odd, and perhaps uncatholic, to see that they all occupied gallery seats; but I was told that they would feel out of place elsewhere. Many of their children made their First Communion, their parents manifesting much interest in this solemn act. One good old man, leading his boys to me, asked that their confessions might be heard. I told him that I had attended to them but an hour past. This did not seem to satisfy him at all. "Well, boys, is there anything you want to say to me?" "No, Father." "Then, I guess," said the old man, "I'll bring them to Fr. McScreeney, to git them overhauled." Fr. McSwyney's name was never pronounced correctly down there. The Mission at St. Thomas', which lasted a week, was closed with Papal Benediction. The Fathers of the house worked hard to make it a success, which it certainly was, since Fr. Wiget, who knows his people well, could say that no one remained away from the Sacraments.

Whilst the closing exercises were taking place, Fr. Flynn opened a Mission in Pomfret, an outlying station twelve miles away, and under the care of Fr. Carroll. As the church was too small to contain the entire congregation at one and the same time, we were obliged to repeat the evening sermon every night for the blacks, at 8.30, the whites having left the church half an hour before. In order that our colored brethren might have no cause of complaint, we always gave them a sermon of an hour's length, which pleased them much, for they observed that they got fifteen minutes more of the good things than their neighbors. FF. Carroll and Daugherty did good work for us in the way of confessions and Masses, whilst Mr. Daly, who was ever ready with his charitable assistance, controlled a kind of

flying commissariat between St. Thomas' and Pomfret. We were charmed with the simple faith of the negroes, and with their devotion to "Blessed St. Michael, de dark 'Angel," as many of them persisted in calling him.

Much mischief had been done by some proselyting Government Bureau, and quite a number had been neglecting their duties, and were even in danger of abandoning their faith. But, thanks to the thorough-going, energetic work of Fr. Carroll, who established a Sodality of the Blessed Virgin, all were reclaimed. The influence of this sodality, under God, made our work very light. What has been said of the white part of St. Thomas's congregation can be applied to that at Pomfret. It was sad to notice the effects of the war on so many noble-hearted men and women. Still they are cheerful, and bear their misfortune with Christian resignation.

The Mission closed with a solemn High Mass, chanted by Fr. Daugherty, and a stirring sermon from Rev. Father Wiget, who also gave the Papal Benediction to his distant flock at Pomfret.

The number of Communions received is put down elsewhere in this article. We cannot close the notice without referring to our generous host, "Count" Hamilton, of Glymont. We call him "host," for, though living in a snug little house built by Fr. Scanlan, and much to his credit, still we needed something more than four walls and a roof. The "Count" entertained us during the Mission, at a sacrifice of time, money and servants, that endeared him greatly to us. He neglected his business, in order that he might personally attend to our wants. Besides, he gave the good example of publicly approaching the Sacraments, to the edification of the colored people, especially, many of whom had been his former slaves.

Mission at Pennypack, Pa.—I left hospitable Charles Co., to give a Mission at Pennypack, Phil. I arrived there on the eve of the Assumption. Here I found Fr. Reid

awaiting me. It was to be a work of two weeks, the principal part of which was to be done at night, on account of the farming people, who could not well attend during the day. Some Protestants attended the evening services regularly, but we heard nothing further from them. They were attracted by the music, which was of an excellent quality. The rich Catholic families, who live about here in summer, did not condescend to come to any of the exercises, which was not edifying. Some of them possessed private chapels, in which Mass was said by clergymen stopping as guests. One young man, coachman of a Protestant divine, and who could never get to Mass, applied to be received in a community of Brothers. The pastor, a timid gentleman, objected to ringing the great bell at half-past four every morning, as it might incense his Protestant neighbors; he finally yielded consent, and what was his surprise to hear its loud tongue clamoring forth at three in the morning, the hour of exercises. The sexton was nervous, and anticipated the time.

The Jubilee exercises were given at our Church of St. Francis Xavier, New York, whilst the Mission at Father Filan's, Philadelphia, was going on. Great crowds, such as are often seen in New York, filled the church every night. The Mission lasted but three days, and was followed by a week's retreat in the same Church, given to the conferences of St. Vincent de Paul. Six or seven hundred men attended the sermons every night, and went in a body to Communion at the end of the week. The sight would have edified M. Louis Veuillot, who some time ago did not believe much in American Catholicity.

My little Mission in BRIDGEPORT, CONN., was quiet and it is to be hoped, effective. It was difficult to induce the men to come for the first two or three days, owing to the lack of fire in the church. The pastor, a rugged old man, who spent most of the day grading the walks of the church, could not be persuaded that it was time to start the furnaces until the month (December) was over.

Some one had to put on steam to draw the men, who, when they heard of a joke or two repeated from the pulpit,

resolved to visit the curiosity. The Communions of this Mission are noted below. Hearing confessions in a cold church, six or seven hours a day, for a week, is not ordinarily looked upon as a luxury. We had to bear it, however, and look cheerful, besides—which we were.

Communions: in Charles County, 900; Holmesburg, 1,000; Bridgeport, 1,700; Conference of St. Vincent, in New York, 700; total, 4,300.

And this ends the autumn work. It was hard, fatiguing, and at the same time very consoling. The general results are a little higher in figures than last year:

Communions, 51,300; prepared for First Communion and Confirmation (of adults), 178; Baptisms of adults, 44; left under instruction for Baptism, 16.

Thirty children of various ages were baptized. Many marriages were set right.

Fathers McQuaid and Claven helped the missionaries in the Church of the Holy Cross. Thanks are also due to the Fathers of Fordham for the assistance rendered in the confessional.

In Philadelphia many of the secular priests came to the aid of the Fathers, and the Superior of the Augustinians put himself to no little trouble to forward the good work, by helping frequently in hearing confessions.

D. O. M.